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PENN

COVER: Opening the year, a wonderful spun-cloud of a hat—emerald-green silk organza springing away from a close little cap and surrounding the face like a lavish hood. It's gently gathered close to the neck in back and loosely tied under the chin, framing a face filled with light and glowing with soft colour. Halston hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Muu Muu lipstick by Germaine Monteil.

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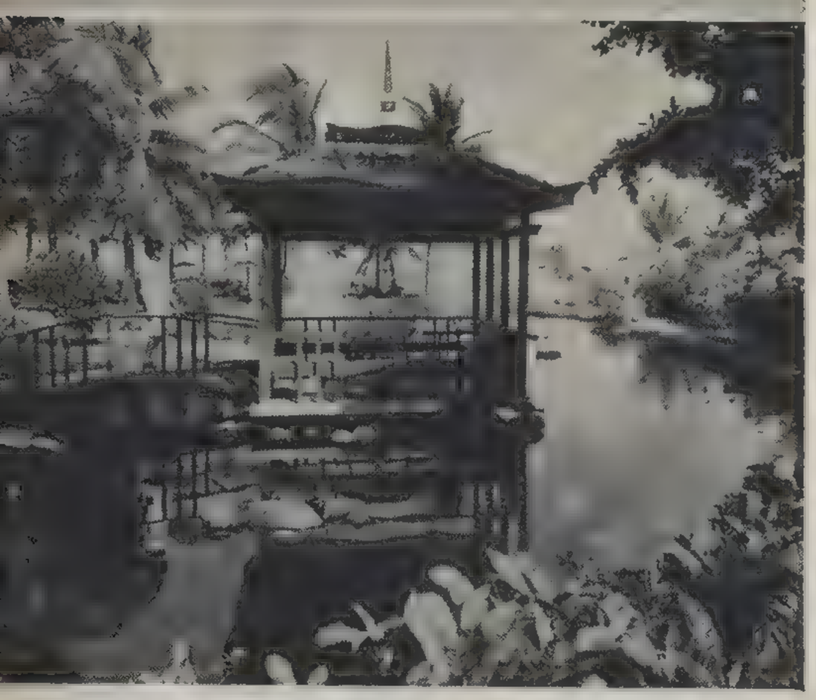
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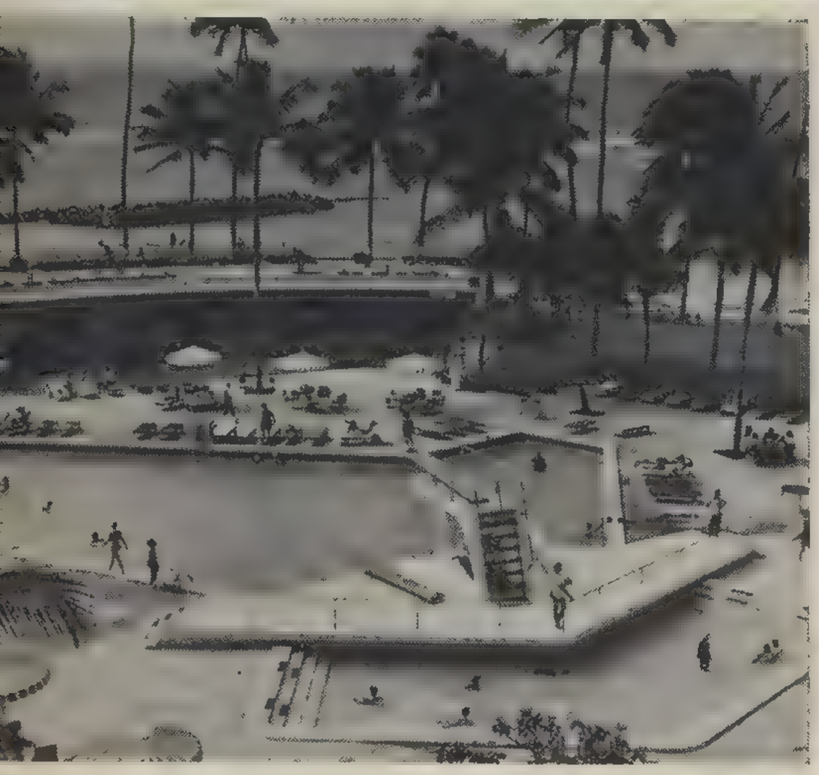
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Lipstick be quick?



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designed by Sylvia de Gay



Fashion Fables from Denmark

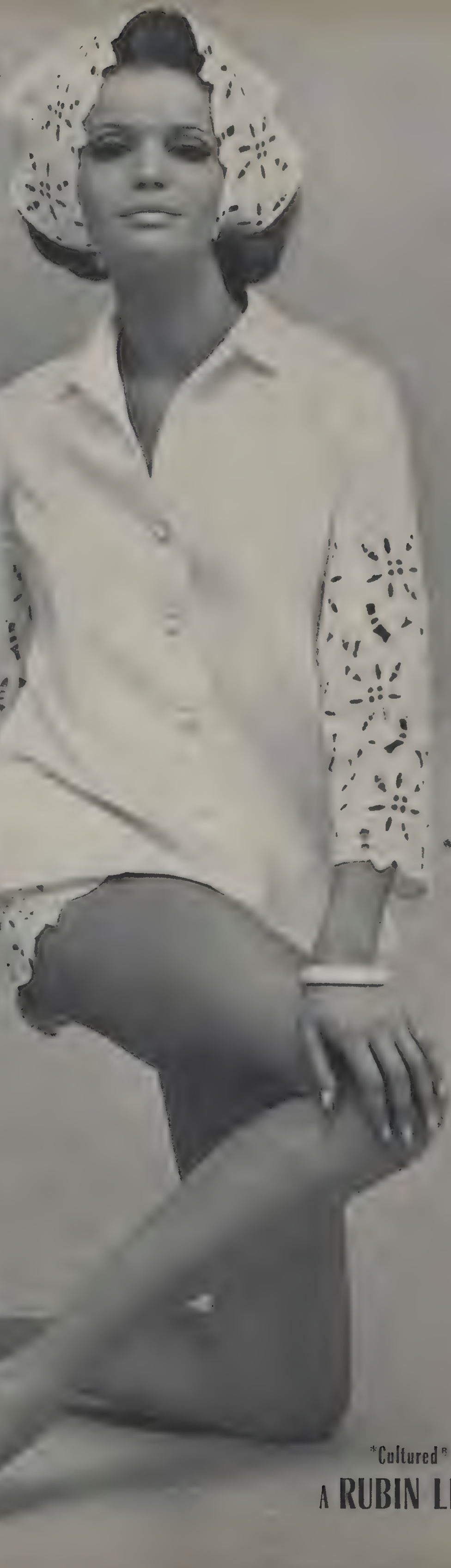
"ELSINORE" *lace recreated in cotton . . .*
coat-dress that spans the hours,
smartly tailored by Sylvia de Gay
for Robert Sloan with double-button front,
back belted, about $55.
IRISH LINEN *dress with double-buttoned*
back exquisitely edged with lace,
about $35.
Both in sizes 6 to 16.
White, pink.
Miss Bergdorf at
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Montaldo's all stores
Filene's, Boston
Himelhoch's, Detroit
Diamond's, Phoenix
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
and other fine stores.

IRISH LINEN BY IRISH LOOMS

LACE...A KORDÉ FABRIC
BY **SAMUEL EHRMAN**

Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Gay



Fashion Fables from Denmark

"THE SNOW QUEEN", *from the book of fables . . . Sylvia de Gay creates for Robert Sloan, playclothes luxuriously frosted with eyelet embroidery on cotton piqué.* Patio shirt, about $26. Embroidered shorts, about $18. White only. Sizes 6 to 14. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman, New York G. Fox, Hartford M. M. Cohn, Little Rock Burdine's, Miami Popular Dry Goods, El Paso Frederick & Nelson, Seattle and other fine stores.*

SCHIFFLI EMBROIDERY
by GEORGE RICHARDSON

*Cultured® Capri Cotton Piqué
A RUBIN LEVINE FABRIC

Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Gay

Fashion Fables from Denmark

"BLUE FLOWER"... *Danish porcelain defined by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan in an Empire dress reflected with etched embroidery in shades of blue on cotton piqué*.*
Dress, about $50. Sizes 6 to 14.
Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Nicholas Ungar, Portland
Sakowitz, Houston
Hovland Swanson, Lincoln
Godchaux's, New Orleans
Lewin's, Wichita



*Cultured® Capri Cotton Piqué
A **RUBIN LEVINE** FABRIC

SHOES, CAPEZIO PORCELAIN, GEORG JENSEN

Robert Sloan

designed by Sylvia de Gay

Fashion Fables from Denmark



MODERN MERMAIDS . . . *the unrestrained beach life in a fishnet beachdress of Viscose rayon and flax, designed by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan . . . all made legal by Warner's discreet Body Stocking™ underneath, a color film of sand sheer stretch nylon that covers the body with smooth airlight softness.*

Beachdress, Sand only, about $26. Sizes 6 to 14.
Body Stocking™, Bare flesh only, about $11. One size fits all.
Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York
May Co., Los Angeles Burdine's, Miami Rich's, Atlanta
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago Sanger-Harris, Dallas

Warner's®

Kirsten is a Springmaid and that's no fairy tale.



Fashion Fables from Denmark

Even so, these "Tivoli Jamas" are cheerful enough to calm the stormy temper of even the meanest troll. **Sylvia de Gay** of **Robert Sloan** created them from Springs Mills collection of fine solid and print fabrics.

In sizes 6 to 16. About $40.00. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Burdine's, Miami; The May Company, Los Angeles; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Godchaux's, New Orleans.

SPRINGMAID FABRICS, 104 W 40TH ST., NYC

Separates: 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% rayon. Hat by Adolfo Realities.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions shown. *Du Pont's registered trademark.



Danish modern—done the American way in fastidious, flair-ful "Dacron"®

SYLVIA de GAY for ROBERT SLOAN swings a great, great look in three parts. Plans it in "Dacron". To keep appearances fresh, shape-sure—enduringly, wherever sunny days may find you. Copen blue with zinnia, zinnia with blue, lime with blue. Sizes 6-16. Jacket and skirt, $26 each. Blouse, $14. Available at Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Frost Bros., San Antonio.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

Great American Knits

Dress shown: 80% "Orlon"* acrylic/20% wool.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes. *Du Pont's registered trademark.



Danish modern—knit the American way
in lively, luscious "Orlon"®

SYLVIA de GAY for ROBERT SLOAN knits the shift that has everything going for it. "Orlon"— a soft, shaped-for-keeps snowdrift—flashing Danish-inspired diamonds in white with red and navy, or navy with red and white. Ready to take away in January, enjoy in June. Sizes 6-16. About $40. At Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Gano Downs, Denver; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Ransohoffs, San Francisco; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

Elegant understatement is a Lincoln Continental.



Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. Singular in its classic look. Unique in its ease of handling, its center-opening rear doors, its full power auxiliaries as standard equipment. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

AVAILABLE IN CANADA



in love with life in a Catalina®

THE PLUNGINGEST, SHAPIEST SWIMSUIT THIS SEASON IN A SILKY ANTRON® NYLON KNIT. $25.

® DuPont registered trademark

Catalina, Inc. • Creators of Fine Swimwear and Sportswear • Los Angeles, California 90022 • Another Fine Kayser-Roth Product

B. ALTMAN & CO., New York • BULLOCK'S WESTWOOD, Los Angeles • BURDINE'S, Miami • JOSEPH MAGNIN, California and Nevada • J. GOLDSMITH, Memphis

Jr. Sophisticates is doing it–the Dan River Plaid!



They started it, and it's here to swing! The craze is for the great, free-wheeling plaids Dan River calls Flag-Wavers, and just look at the way they make everything else seem passé. Jr. Sophisticates' mastery makes them great with tweeds (Dan River's handweave-y Dantweed®) and where will they go from here? The sky's the limit!

Jr. Sophisticates suit & blouse – $100, slightly higher on the West Coast. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; I.Magnin, all stores; Hutzler, Baltimore.

Dan River

Moisture…
softening,
smoothing,
captured in your lips
by a marvelous new
oval lipstick

liquessence

by Dorothy Gray

Its exclusive,
unique penetrating
moisturizer
gives your
lips
youthful
loveliness
always.
Delicate,
feminine,
heavenly easy
to apply.



It's oval.

liquessence

the new
moisturizing lipstick in
twenty fashion colors. $2.00
Dorothy Gray

©DOROTHY GRAY, LTD., 1964

Fortrel captures the Spirit of Spain...

assume its fiery air...drench yourself in its dramatic colors...
and take your own Spirit of Spain south for the winter. (Fortrel smooths every step of the way.)

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



Left: Intense colors, Moorish influence, Fortrel keeping the crisp line wrinkle-free. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture in Folker's linen-look fabric of Fortrel polyester and rayon. Red with gold. 6-16. About $120. B. Altman & Co., N. Y. & branches; J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Sakowitz, Houston.

Right: The lofty line of the matador, flattery of black, Fortrel allowing no wrinkles to mar its magnificence. Stefan's suit and blouse for Briarbrook. In Folker's linen-look fabric of Fortrel polyester and rayon. 6-16. About $90. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Bramson—all stores, Chi.; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Stewart's, Balto.

For additional stores see page 42.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Fortrel captures the Spirit of Spain...

enjoy its romance with color...feel splendid in its striking motifs...
and take your own Spirit of Spain south for the winter. (Fortrel smooths every step of the way.)



Left: Crystal pleats, infanta line, Fortrel keeping it wondrously washable, always pleated. Anthony L. Muto designs for Arkay. Folker's sheer worsted-like crepe of Fortrel polyester and rayon. Yellow or blue. 5-15. About $40. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Bramson—all stores, Chi.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Sakowitz, Houston.

Right: Lacy grillwork, flamenco flare, Fortrel keeping wrinkles away. Leo Narducci's pants-dress for Gotham Originals. Folker's linen-look fabric of Fortrel polyester and rayon. Grey or white with embroidery. 8-16. About $30. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; Bramson—all stores, Chi.; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Stewart's, Balto.

For additional stores see page 42.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Fortrel captures the Spirit of Spain...

burst forth in its bravura colors...make its dramatic line your own...
and take your own Spirit of Spain south for the winter. (Fortrel smooths every step of the way.)

Left: Braid, the bright beat of color, Fortrel giving twill unwrinkled spirit. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Fabritique's Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon twill. Yellow, white, pink. 6-14. Jacket & pants, about $25 ea. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Sakowitz, Houston; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston.

Right: Earthy color, gaucho's reversible poncho, Fortrel keeping it wrinkle-free, rain or shine. By Tellshire in Galey & Lord sailcloth of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Orange/ mocha, black/ beige, navy/ red. XS, S, M, L. About $30. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Bramson—all stores, Chi.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Stewart's, Balto.

For additional stores see page 42.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Fortrel captures the Spirit of Spain

The fashions you saw on pages 36-41 are at these fine stores:
(not all fashions at all stores)



ALABAMA
Birmingham, *Blach's*
CALIFORNIA
San Francisco, *The White House*
COLORADO
Denver, *Denver Dry Goods Co.*
CONNECTICUT
New Haven, *The Edw. Malley Co.*
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, *Julius Garfinckel & Co.*
FLORIDA
Ft. Lauderdale, *Jordan Marsh*
Miami, *Jordan Marsh*
Orlando, *Jordan Marsh*
GEORGIA
Atlanta, *J. P. Allen Co.*
ILLINOIS
Chicago, *Bramson*
KENTUCKY
Louisville, *H. P. Selman's*
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge, *Gus Mayer*
New Orleans, *Gus Mayer*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *Stewart's*
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *R. H. Stearns Co.*
Springfield, *Forbes & Wallace*
MICHIGAN
Detroit, *Himelhoch's*
Grand Rapids, *Alice Jane Dows*
MISSISSIPPI
Jackson, *Gus Mayer*
NEW YORK
Albany, *Flah's*
Buffalo, *Adam, Meldrum & Anderson*
New York, *B. Altman & Co.*
Rochester, *Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.*
NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte, *Ivey's*
Winston-Salem, *Thalhimers*
OHIO
Akron, *Charlotte's-West*
Canton, *Charlotte's of Canton*
Cincinnati, *Shillito's*
Cleveland, *The Halle Bros. Co.*
Toledo, *Lizbeth Jeanne*
Youngstown, *Livingston's*
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City, *Al Rosenthal's*
OREGON
Portland, *Best's Apparel*
PENNSYLVANIA
Easton, *Grollmans*
Harrisburg, *Mary Sachs*
Lancaster, *Mary Sachs*
Philadelphia, *John Wanamaker*
Pittsburgh, *Joseph Horne Co.*
TENNESSEE
Nashville, *Gus Mayer*
TEXAS
Beaumont, *Gus Mayer*
Houston, *Sakowitz*
San Antonio, *Joske's of Texas*
UTAH
Salt Lake City, *Makoff's*
WASHINGTON
Seattle, *Best's Apparel*
Spokane, *The Crescent*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Gimbels-Schusters*

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 1

That was the year that was

The year that just disappeared was the year when: Eyes were whitened, opened, squared, inventively decorated. Make-up foundations assumed the sculpture detail. Lipsticks illumined with transparency and gloss, more subtle light. The vivid mouth rejoined the tawny, and mouths in general became softer, less defined. Beiger make-up foundations took hold, and it was the blushers and rouges that put glow on the face selectively. Cake mascara reappeared, bigger than ever in size of case and brush. Eyebrows paled and lifted, with brush-on brow colours going great guns. (All brushes, in fact, hot as cosmetic tools.) False lashes were applied by the two, by the three. Nails lost colour, turned nacre, tallow, demi-pearled. Interest in nail strengtheners strengthened, and so did interest in hand care in general. Fragrance flowed and misted with charming abandon—not only onto bodies but into baths, through houses. The degree of sybaritics in the bath determined how much one cared. Bath oils were supplemented by pre-bath and after-bath sprays, and the showerer was recognized for what she was with several different shower-oriented fragrances. More skin showed and all-over skin care paid off. The scrupulously clean skin was the *only* skin, and more cleansers and balancer rinses aimed to keep it that way. These turned up in gel form: leg shaving cream, hair-set lotions, cleansers, shampoos. The one universal hair fashion was good hair, and this was implemented by the stepped-up use of conditioners, natural hair sprays, back-brushing rather than teasing. Scotch Tape became standard equipment for the setting of hair. Blondness bloomed, and the breach between day hair and night hair widened: by day, shorter, head-fitting hair; by night, the height of dazzle, ornaments, lots of hairpieces. Sunglasses got fashionable workouts around the year, but women examined the pros and cons of what sun might do to skin, and usually wound up by spreading on the sun screens in some form. There was what the beauty business calls an "explosion" in men's fragrances. Silicone injections against wrinkles gained in acceptance. Dieting and exercising were part of the American way of life—and the ease of isometrics, the diversification of low-cal foods and drinks did nothing to hinder physical fitness. Reprise: 1964....

Literary note: the shining scents

"The scent worn by a gentleman was almost as important as his clothes, and the exact method he used in preparing his incense was often a closely-guarded secret." This is the word from tenth-century Japan in Ivan Morris's gleaming book, *The World of the Shining Prince,* about the glorious ways of the days when Heian was the capital of Japan. Their adjectives to describe the scents they used challenge translation. One suggests "a deep, moist type of elegance." Another, a plum scent, is "a bright, up-to-date scent with a slightly pungent touch." Another, Lotus Leaf, has "a gentle aroma and a certain rather touching tenderness." Could it be that we are on the brink, almost a thousand years later, of matching the scent-happy ways of that aromatic Japanese court? Genji, of *The Tale of Genji,* made women swoon and was much admired for the skill with which he prepared his scent, the distinctive flavour of which "always announced his approach and lingered after his departure." The other day, after dropping off a dynamo from our taxicab, we noticed notes of cedar, sandalwood, patchouli, spices lingering on. We swooned.

Make-up by seasons

The wherewithal for the make-up, shown from pages 101-105, depends for its ingredients on these Elizabeth Arden goodies. Winter, page 101: Rachel Pat-a-Crème foundation, Silver Rose lipstick, Color Veil #1, a new blusher. Spring, page 102: Special Mat Foncé Pat-a-Crème, Color Veil #2, a new peach blusher, Peach Light lipstick, Natural Light nail lacquer. Summer, page 103: Sport Light Pat-a-Crème foundation, Candle Light lipstick, Color Veil #4 blusher, white and brown cake eye shadow. Autumn, page 105: Beige Jonquil Pat-a-Crème foundation, Color Veil #3 blusher, Silver Geranium lipstick, brown cake eye shadow, white cake eye shadow on the lid.

Ho hum, isn't it lovely weather for a scandal?

© 1965 Cole of California "Another fine Kayser-Roth Product."

©1965 Cole of California "Another fine Kayser-Roth Product."

And isn't it time somebody created

The Scandal Suit, "Brief Scandal," black silk velvet with underwired bra. Sizes 8 to 16. About $24.00. And the name is COLE OF CALIFORNIA.

an absolutely wild scandal for nice girls?

The Scandal Suit, "Wild Side," silk and nylon matte jersey with stretch mesh. Sizes 8 to 16. About $30.00. And the name is COLE OF CALIFORNIA.

© 1965 Cole of California "Another fine Kayser-Roth Product."

The Cole Scandal Suit Collection accomplishes more by baring less. "Showdown" silken TYCORA® nylon and SPANDELLE® spandex united with stretch mesh.

The Great Cole Scandal Suit

New but not nude. Sizes 8 to 16. About $26.00. And the name is COLE OF CALIFORNIA.



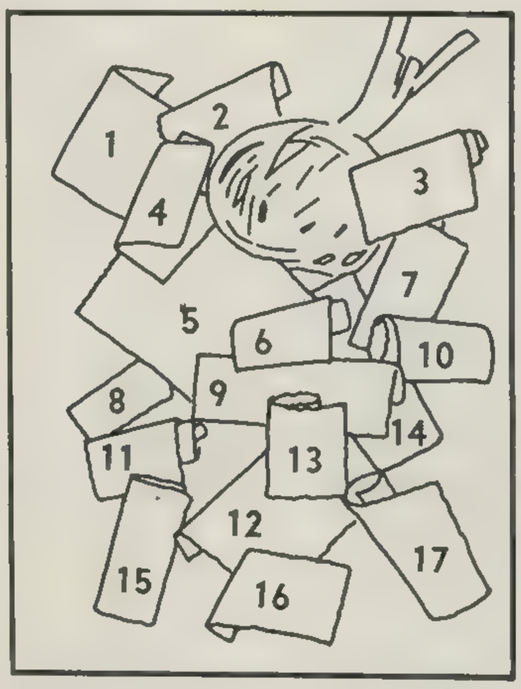
Night of the ostrich.
Of floating, filmy femininity.
In Bianchini's silk organza.
Designed by Marie McCarthy.
Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Bramson-Weathered, Chicago
Balliet's, Oklahoma City

LARRY ALDRICH

Fabrics: Spring 1965

(Continued from pages 89 and 90)

Whites to blazing orange



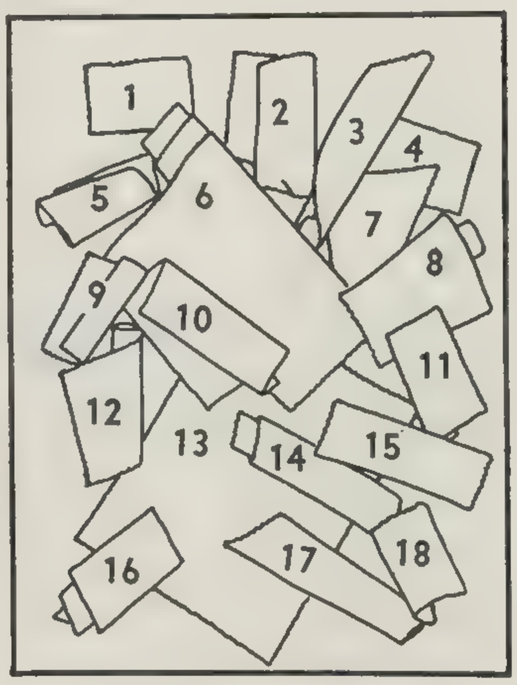
Key to fabrics on page 89

This spring's weaves are tighter, smoother, firmer. White and off-white stronger than ever; warm honeyed tones; clean black-and-white contrasts. The surprises: hard-enamel blue, blazing orange.

1. Straw-weave cotton, a delicious honey-beige paleness for spring 1965. By Pomezia.
2. Tight silk twill in soft greige, dress-weight. By Italmode.
3. Supple worsted jersey, the colour of Indian ivory. By Racine.
4. For a summer suit, deep nut-brown linen-weave of viscose and Fibranne. By Abraham.
5. Tiny white dots on blazing-orange silk surah—a great new colour for 1965. By Onondaga.
6. New look for jersey—cool crinkled silvery beige, deeply textured. Of Antron nylon. By Fair-Tex.
7. Pale tweed flecks on double-knitted jersey of cotton, Arnel, and linen. By Duplex-Shannon.
8. Miniature dog's-tooth checks, smooth honey-and-cream wool—for a narrow dress to belt with a narrow tape of leather. By Orceyre.
9. Heavy-cream wool coating, double-woven in herringbones. By Worumbo.
10. Delicate district checks in a paleness of grey, honey-beige, and white. Of wool and Fibranne. Fabrics by the Rings.
11. Pale-fawn worsted jersey, double-knitted for body. Jasco.
12. For a narrow coat, warm wheaty beige wickered deep through white wool. By Bellaine.
13. Honeycomb weave, honeycomb colour—an airy mix of wool, mohair, and Angora. Lamarre-TSM.
14. Buff-and-white Tattersall worsted twill, fresh on the suit scene this season. By Moreau-TSM.
15. Firm ivory cotton whipcord to tailor into summer. Wamsutta.
16. Pebbly blaze-of-orange weave in viscose and Fibranne. By Kandelaft.
17. Cream-on-cream checking in wool, cotton, and linen. Einiger.

Top of the page: The bias belt, a narrow suppleness on the waist—part of the importance of leather with fabric this year. Belts by Calderon. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Hard-enamel colours



Key to fabrics on page 90

1. Fresh summer-suiting—corded white cotton piqué speckled in black. By Kandelaft.
2. Black spatter-print on white silk. By William Poole for Onondaga.
3. Polished white, puffed and rippled. Of Arnel and Chemstrand textured nylon. Fabrica.
4. Black wool twill Tattersall-checked precisely with white. Fabric by Anglo.
5. Miniature windowpane checks—black on white; crisp in wool-and-Fibranne. Fabrics by the Rings.
6. Hard-enamel blue, the new bright colour to wear this spring. Heavy linen by Moygashel.
7. Pen-stroke checks dashed off on white silk shantung. By Daure-Sormani.
8. Black-and-white herringbones for a close-bodied silk suit. By Chardon-Marché.
9. Off-white herringbone jersey, knitted of Celanese acetate. By William Heller.
10. Tiny dog's-tooth checks, black and white. Lightweight blend of wool, silk. Orceyre.
11. Glen-plaided suiting in a dry black-and-white silk. By Bellaine.
12. Neatened tweed, a firm sharp weave in black, white, palest beige. Of wool and rayon. By Forstmann.
13. Boldest black and white—pinwheel-printed silk surah. Fabric by Sheraton-TSM.
14. Crochet-knitted jersey, new freshness for white. Of cotton and Antron nylon. By Alamac.
15. Spanking white piqué puffed with a pattern of bubbles. Of Dacron, cotton, and nylon. By Galey & Lord.
16. Tight-twilled wool windowpane checking, black and white—the kind that makes a belted-jacket suit: straighter lines held by a tape of white leather. By Anglo.
17. Blistered white brocade of cotton, silk, acrylic. Whelfab.
18. Tweed smoothed in a neat worsted lattice-work of black, white, string-beige. By Lesur.

(It's figure watching time!)

How's your figure?



■ **It's figure-watching time! How do you measure up?** So...you have a bulge here and another bump over there. Take heart. There is a way. It's Relax-A-cizor. Not magic — just seems so.

When ... without a whit of wearisome work ... and no weight loss ... you can reduce the size of selected areas of your figure ... with active muscle-toning exercise ... then you, too, might say that Relax-A-cizor seems sheer sorcery! Could be!

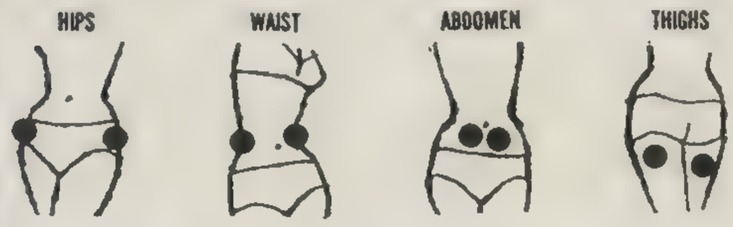


More though, it's the magic of modern science ... Relax-A-cizor actually reduces the size of your hips, waist, abdomen, thighs. Does it while you REST! No tiresome physical effort!

■ **Relax-A-cizor works on selected localized areas.** Regular use provides exercise that reduces the size of the area measurably — to the extent those muscles lack "tone" from insufficient exercise. (The less your muscle "tone" — the greater the benefit!)

■ **FREE! Send coupon today** ... For your illustrated copy of "Figure Improvement." Tells how to reduce size of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs.

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Los Angeles, Calif. 90054

Rush "FIGURE IMPROVEMENT" without any obligation or cost. Send in plain envelope.

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CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____ PHONE _____

☐ I am under 18, and would like special literature. 501



Photographed at Holiday Inn, West Memphis, Arkansas

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY: WEEKEND AWAY IN DACRON®

AMERICAN GOLFER

Friday at 7 . . . the holiday switches on at the great sign of the Holiday Inn where you meet friends for the weekend of a lifetime. Among the unroutine pleasures of the American Golfer arrival dress is a well-above-par shape, the Sinhue fabric by Crown of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% Avril, a flower print that might be blue, pink or brown on beige. Sizes 8-20. About $20. Worn like a headband here—the newest American accessory, Plaza sunglasses.

Clothes, both pages, at Best & Co., New York, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Miller & Rhoads, Richmond,

Photographed at Holiday Inn, Memphis, Tennessee-Southeast



Saturday breakfast . . . the sunshine life begins in an American Golfer outdoors dress of the sunshine stripe (red, green or blue stripes on white seersucker of 80% Dacron® polyester and 20% cotton). Foggy-day alternate in the Holiday Inn plan: same dress for sightseeing and shopping—your own car is always at hand—in any one of the 450 cities where Holiday Inns are located. The dress in sizes 8 to 18. About $20. The Plaza sunglasses: big beautiful Sun Owls in a lineny striped case. Plaza sunglasses are available at stores on page 157.

Holiday Inn®

Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Kreeger's, New Orleans, Frost Bros., San Antonio, The White House, San Francisco.



Photographed at Holiday Inn, Memphis, Tennessee-East

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY: WEEKEND AWAY IN DACRON®

AMERICAN GOLFER

Saturday morning on the courts . . . in an American Golfer tennis dress as dazzling as a strong backhand. The whiteness is the particular whiteness of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton piqué. To plan your trip at the Holiday Inn where the tennis (or golf or swimming) is fine, drop a postcard to Holiday Inn Directory, Memphis, Tennessee. Tennis dress and panties, 8-18. About $15. Plaza sunglasses: Jetsetter on the girl, High Tor on the man.

Clothes, both pages, at Best & Co., New York, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Miller & Rhoads, Richmond,

Photographed at Holiday Inn, Memphis, Tennessee-Riverbluff



Saturday afternoon on the links . . . and a Holiday Inn to go home to. The American Golfer masterpiece here: a Bermuda culotte dress that might, just as crisply, cycle or window-shop through the sleepy little resort town near your Holiday Inn. Culotte dress in 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton in four colors that would be beautifully collectible: blue, red, willow green, gold. 8 to 18. About $18. Plaza sunglasses to know about: Beach Haven on the girl, windshield-size Jetsetters on the man. Plaza sunglasses at stores listed on page 157.

Holiday Inn®

Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Kreeger's, New Orleans, Frost Bros., San Antonio, The White House, San Francisco.



Photographed at Holiday Inn, Memphis, Tennessee-Riverbluff

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY: WEEKEND AWAY IN DACRON®

AMERICAN GOLFER

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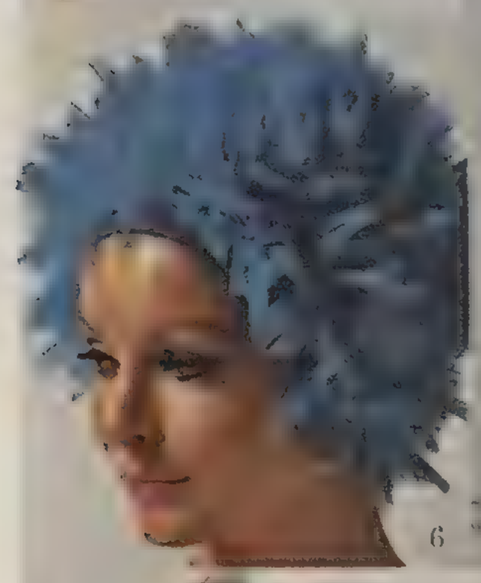




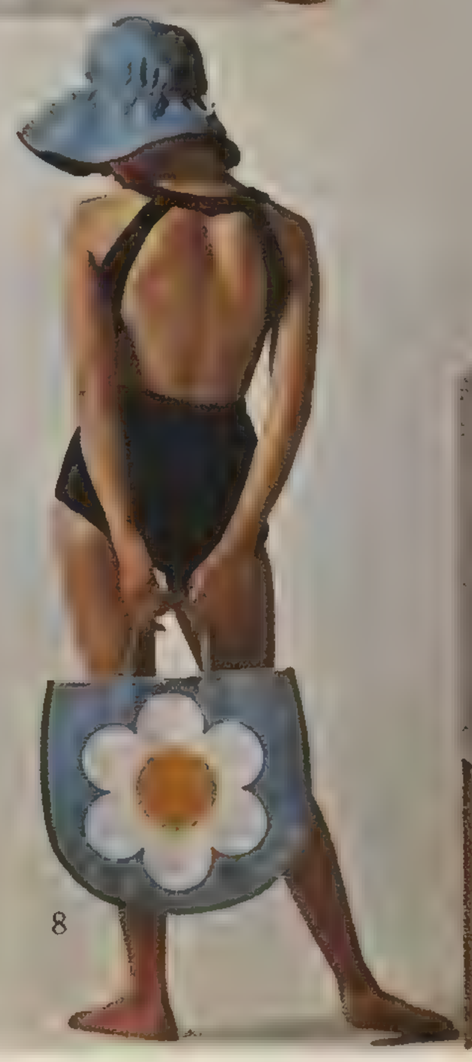
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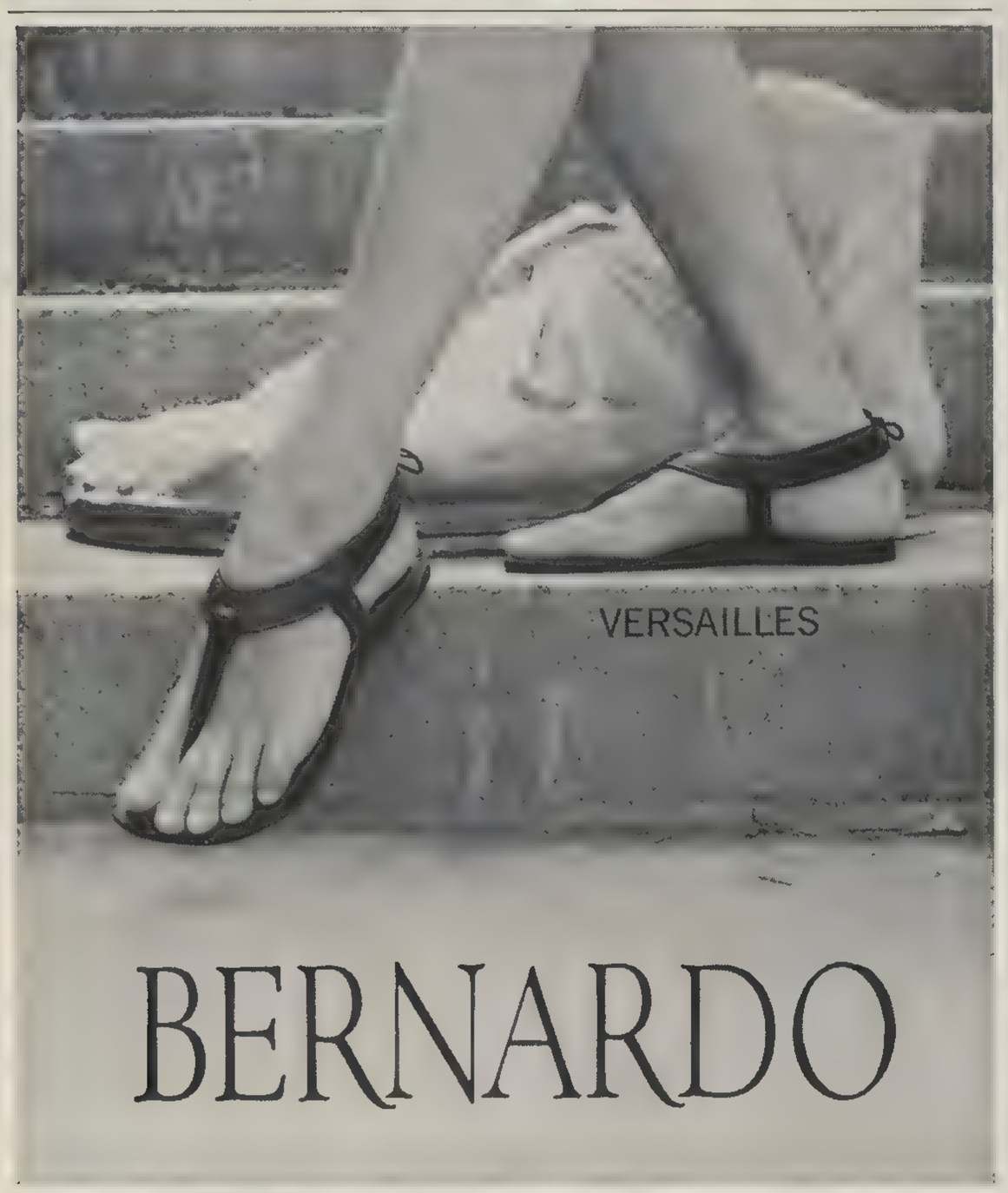
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VOGUE'S

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fizzy new discothèque
in Beverly Hills

• CLAXTON



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MRS. HERBERT MAAS AND MR. A. FREDRIC LEOPOLD.

NOTEBOOK



MR. AND MRS. JOHN MARTIN HANSON, LEFT, OWNERS OF THE DAISY, WITH MRS. JIMMY MITCHELL.



MRS. A. FREDRIC LEOPOLD



MR. CHARLTON HESTON



MR. AND MRS. MARK MILLER

room that might have been lifted from a French country manor. For cool nights, a big black-brick fireplace; for warm nights (this is Southern California), an outdoor terrace. Daisies are everywhere, planted in boxes, even carved over the mahogany portal through which members are screened on Wednesday through Sunday nights. On Monday and Tuesday nights, The Daisy folds its petals.



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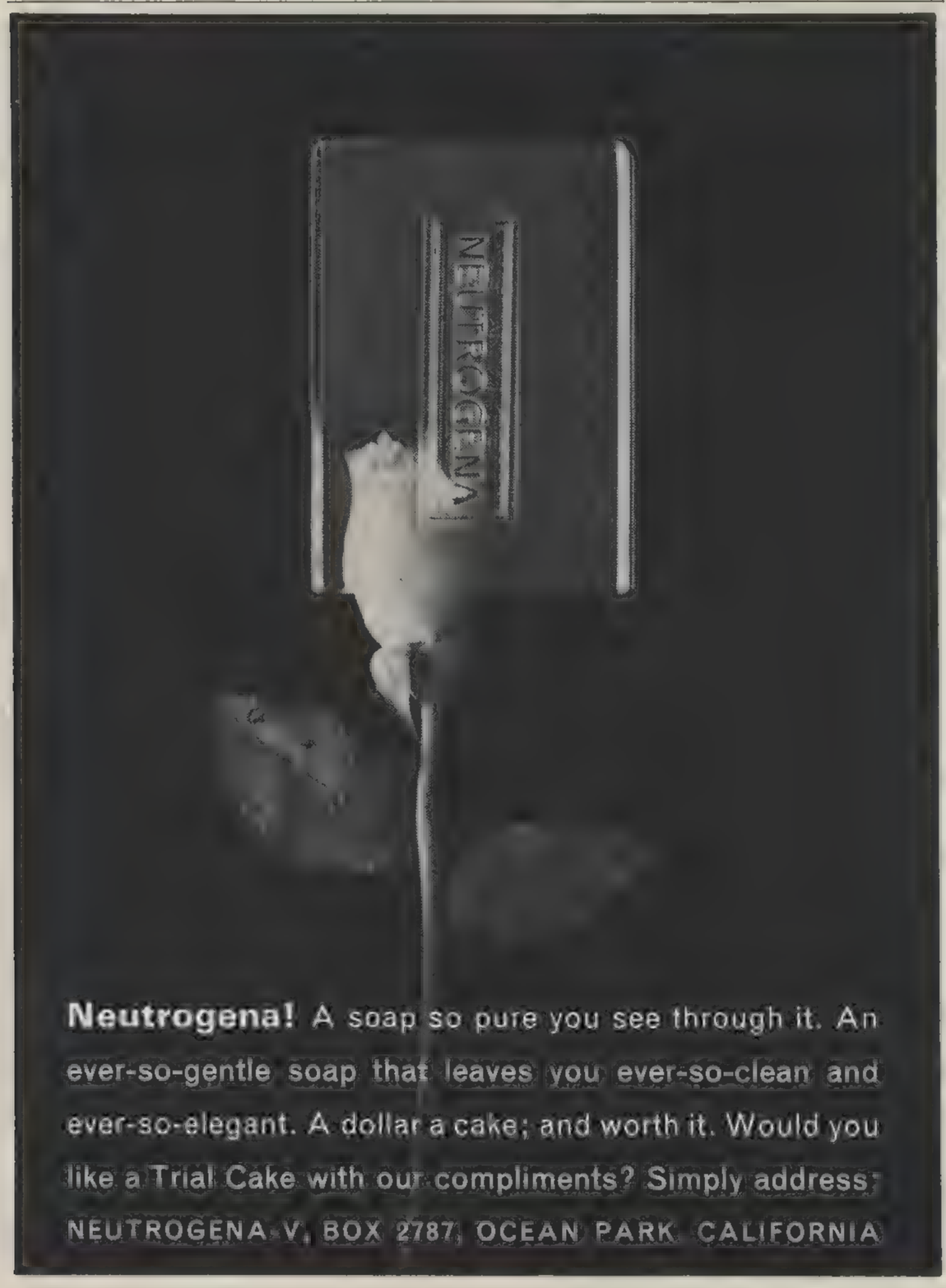
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Joan Didion

The Pumpkin Eater,

"*essentially soap opera*"

There have developed two approved ways to think about *The Pumpkin Eater*. The more primitive is to observe with contempt that the movie is "essentially soap opera"; the second is to admire it, but apologetically, in spite of its being "essentially soap opera." These references to soap recur with such Pavlovian predictability because *The Pumpkin Eater* concerns a middle-class woman in emotional difficulty (as in fact does *Madame Bovary*, although I am making no comparisons), a situation conventionally deprecated as "merely personal."

Against this convention, a "merely personal" picture in an era steeped in nostalgia for the barricades, *The Pumpkin Eater* emerges as perhaps the bravest little picture of the year. (If you doubt me, note its insidious assumption that the attractive wife of a London screenwriter might be just as "real" a character as, say, a Dublin shopgirl or a Rugby player's landlady. That is revisionist thinking right there.) It emerges also as perhaps the most intelligent. There are no easy answers here, no inadvertent banality, nothing off-key. Anne Bancroft gives a flawless performance as the neurasthenic Mrs. Armitage—who after three husbands and eight children must finally face herself, and finds herself missing. Behind her are fine performances by Peter Finch and James Mason, Jack Clayton's vigorous direction, and, above all, Harold Pinter's elliptical, imaginative script.

The intelligence of that script becomes apparent the moment the picture begins: we see Miss Bancroft, staring out a window (is something wrong?), failing to answer a telephone (something is wrong), finally leaving the house to shop. In Harrods, sealed off by her own despair from all the shoppers and clerks and piano tuners, alone among the faceless mannequins and the mirrors which do not quite reflect the human face, she begins, abruptly, to cry. I have never before seen so accurate an approximation of what "depression" means.

There is just such relentless accuracy throughout *The Pumpkin Eater:* the exact texture of a faithless marriage; the precise rhythm of those endless accusations and resentments, the kind we pick up and drop like knitting; the very words with which a woman estranged from herself might describe a former husband. "He was nice," Mrs. Armitage says, at a loss. "He was nice": that single line is worth the whole of a dozen other pictures.

The Americanization of Emily,

"*simplemindedness*"

The Americanization of Emily plays as if William Bradford Huie, who wrote the book, and Paddy Chayefsky, who adapted it, had conspired to tool a situation comedy roughly based on *Mother Courage*. There is a certain simplemindedness about their attempts at a message, and the picture is at its intermittent funniest when they forget it and slip into parodying old war movies. ("O.K., men!" shouts James Coburn at Normandy. "Let's show 'em whose beach this is.") Although Julie Andrews is supposed to be playing a war widow, she is actually playing Mary Poppins, the brave lilt in her voice reminiscent of those pictures which ended with Shirley Temple in uniform lisping something like, "My country's at war, so we're doing without chocolate for a while." Miss Andrews declines a candy bar with that line in *The Americanization of Emily;* and the effect is what you imagine.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Astrology,
"most influential . . . most disputed"

Astrology, the most enduring and most complicated, the most influential, and the most disputed of all the crypto-sciences, was reexamined by Louis MacNeice before his death, and the result, called simply and boldly *Astrology*, is published now by Doubleday. The book is an immense *omnium-gatherum* of history and anecdote, abstruse directions for casting horoscopes, and tongue-in-cheek commentary, often amusing, when MacNeice is amused, and boring when intramural rows among the practitioners and apologists become even too murky for his nimble wit to elucidate. It is thickly illustrated with charts and pages from ancient manuscripts and, as well, with photographs whose captions have been strenuously reached for: of Brigitte Bardot, it is said, without documentation, that her ". . . Sun-sign is Libra, a sign ruled by Venus"; and the legend for a photograph of automobiles on the San Francisco freeway is, "Mobility and energy are qualities of Gemini—the sign that is particularly associated with the United States." Included are voluminous appendices of tables. A horoscope cast by a professional may cost as much as a hundred dollars, but it seems cheap at the price if you consider that the local time of your birth must be translated into Greenwich sidereal time, the latitude and longitude of your birthplace be calculated, "a related mid-heaven" established to determine the "ascendant-descendant line," and to understand "house divisions," you should have a grasp of spherical trigonometry.

Despite its long record of howlers (the certain proclamations, to the day and hour, of natural catastrophes and the collapse of governments that never came off, the violent demise of people who died peacefully in bed many years later), the art has remained attractive from the time of the earliest Babylonian stargazers to the present when millions of tabloid readers turn first thing to the astrological column. In America, one monthly magazine, *Horoscope*, has a circulation of one hundred seventy thousand, and in this country there are approximately ten million clients (girls in search of husbands, politicians, financiers, people looking for a winner in the third race at the "Big A") for the five thousand practising astrologers. It is more than likely that J. P. Morgan regularly consulted Evangeline Adams, who flourished in New York in the first three decades of this century—others who came to her studio in Carnegie Hall were Enrico Caruso, Mary Pickford, and King Edward VII, and when she died and lay in state, her remains were viewed by hundreds of mourning, and believing, customers.

MacNeice suggests that the reasons for the continuing popularity of astrology are that everybody is curious about the future, especially his own, that nearly everybody loves putting things into categories and likes to relate his traits of character to those of his birth-sign personified, and that there is, too, "the cosy appeal of fatalism: In times of either stress or failure you can always pass the buck to the stars." Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, discussing their astral auspices, would have today as their "spiritual heirs" men who would agree to "have another drink on the ground that all the bad weather we have been having is due to the nuclear tests." Elsewhere, MacNeice observes that astrological clichés meant as much to Elizabethan readers "as Freudian clichés mean to the average reader in the twentieth century."

Perhaps to the aficionado, this miscellany will be entertaining and practical. To others there will seem to be too much rice pudding for the raisins.

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ELEGANCE
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

Luv, "*pure farce*"

Luv, one of those rare plays that knows exactly what it is doing, succeeds almost entirely in its objective. It is pure farce and has one aim: to make us laugh. Murray Schisgal's comedy touches on many serious subjects—marriage, loneliness, suicide, and especially "luv." But the characters become involved in these troublesome matters only so that we may laugh at them the more. Schisgal never once dilutes the light, sparkling wine of farce with the heavier spirits of deep emotion. The three characters in the play run up and down the gamut of misery; indeed they revel in its demands and fiercely argue about who had the most wretched childhood and whose situation is at present the most terrible. We are never asked to believe in them or their woes.

The story, totally unreal, is totally unimportant. Everything depends on the style and timing. Because of the brilliant direction of Mike Nichols and beautifully coordinated performances by Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin, things move forward rapidly and unerringly—a delight to anyone who can enjoy suspending his disbelief and laughing at the antics of three thwarted characters whose sufferings are of the stage and not of life.

The Old Glory, "*not good drama*"

In these days, when the use of English for the stage grows steadily duller and more prosaic, it may seem churlish to say of Robert Lowell's first play, *The Old Glory*, that good writing, even good poetry, does not in itself make good drama. If the dramatic imperatives are ignored, no amount of fine writing, nor any wealth of fresh ideas, will bring a play to life. *The Old Glory* reads well, as one would expect, but for much of the time it hardly moves.

Lowell's theme is the sequence of oppression, insurrection, and new oppression as it was repeated in different situations during the early years of Old Glory. The first part, which he has described as a "political cartoon," is based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux." It takes place just before the American Revolution and consists of a series of stylized movements, more choreographic than dramatic. For all its movement and violence the piece is devoid of tension.

The main part of the evening is "Benito Cereno," whose source is Herman Melville's novella about a starving Spanish slave ship and its grim encounter with an American sailing vessel. This has all the elements of high drama and in Lowell's adaptation it provides some excellent insights into the psychological genesis of slavery. Effective performances by Lester Rawlins as the urbane, self-confident Yankee master, and Roscoe Lee Browne as the Spanish captain's fawning slave, who suddenly stops fawning, make it almost exciting. Yet "Benito Cereno" is fatally marred by its heaviness (humour is as scarce in the play as water aboard the Spanish ship) and by its extreme slowness. There are indeed plays that call for stately, measured progress; but this bloodthirsty yarn of piracy and murder is not one of them.

Part of the blame belongs to the director, Jonathan Miller, who is so greatly concerned with building up a mysterious mood of foreboding by weird sound effects, sinister figures flitting to and fro on stage, and similar juvenilia that he forgets to keep the central drama in motion. When the tortured bodies of the Spaniards are hurled on stage, all drenched in tomato ketchup, the effect is one of schoolboy Grand Guignol. Robert Lowell's poetry deserves better expression than this.

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Vogue's January 15 Beauty Bulletin has it straight from under the dryer

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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

Notes to myself
January 1, 1965

Face up to the realization that there are no solutions for certain situations, but there are partial solutions to some situations. Protect private happiness. Protect the long-range interests of the country by working for them. Encourage gaiety. Don't get bogged down in the despair of pundits. Be more skeptical. Look up original sources; refuse guesses. Act my age and intelligence. Shorten my dresses and lengthen my knowledge. Put things in proportion. Don't get scared. Understand that courage has a long trajectory.

1965 PR

THE BODY IS THE GREAT NEW FASHION POWER— THE PREMISE OF EVERY LOOK NAMED FOR FAME ON THESE 22 PAGES

EDICTIONS

The vivid note in fashion today is: success. We've worked toward a perfection, and we've achieved it. We know how we want to look for the individual lives we lead; we have the means here, now, right at our fingertips. Good tailoring is an accomplished fact. A marvellous head of hair is at the command of every modern woman. The bikini that first tipped fashion to an awareness of the body has given us new pride in it: the supporting rituals are second nature now—more exercise, more massage, more loving care lavished on bared skin. More of everything. For everybody. . . . With excellence the rule, where do we go from here? We go to fashion at its subtlest: to shading and nuance, to personal ways and means. It looks easy. Look out: fashion has never been more sophisticated than it is at this moment. . . . Proportioning is all. It starts at the ground and works up—foot to knee, knee to waist, waist to collar—determines hemlines for everyone. And there are—olé—hemlines for everyone. The going day length is short. Short, as in smack on the kneebone. Short, as in right at the top of the knee. Short, as in four inches above. We will continue to see wider hems. Will begin to see skirts with real fullness, first on dresses. Will see demi-longueur for six o'clock on, ankle-length suits for the theatre. . . . In the tailoring, in the wearing, no fabrics on earth make such a point of precision as the day-fabrics that dominate 1965—the smooth, supple tight-woven coverts and worsteds; the neat, firmly plaided Tattersalls. No line of fashion is as exacting as the tailor's line of today—narrow down the body, never touching, never hard. Shoulders are close. Armholes high. Sleeves long, slender over the arm. Skimp coats and small suit jackets still going strong. Now come topcoats with low, easy belts; belted jackets with straighter lines, held by narrow leather tapes. Newest: the slack-jacket suit—more length to the sleeve, to the jacket, little shaping anywhere. We'll see narrow yokes all over—set up high, making a straightaway hang neck to hem, turning on the bias and easy across the back. We'll see more bias, period. Between day and night we'll see the difference between crispness and languor, see more of everything that brings a fragility to fashion in the evening; more of fabrics that give a sense of the body's outline—its grace, its restlessness, its motion. We will see the lightness of lace, and bias drifts of chiffon falling away from the body over foundations as wispy and liberating as the Body Stocking at left. We will see the mood of evening fizzed with Oriental fantasy—see the folds of a harem skirt in demi-longueur rippling on the leg; see ballooning chiffon pants caught at the ankles with bandages of diamonds; see feet in Turquerie slippers, with jewels trembling over bare pink toes. This is the moment to explore your own sense of fun . . . of ornamentation: to pull a long, fat pigtail straight down over one eye—evenings at home, why not?—to try a thousand windings and wrappings and tyings of turbans and scarfs. To bind up all your hair in silk, or let it swing like silk to your shoulders, or chop it short as a child's, in cherub-curls. It's entirely up to you: 1965 belongs to the woman with active tastes—to the eye that searches and finds, within the framework of today's best looks, looks marked "personal."

This is the body that *is* fashion. Strength flows along the long, slender curves; every line is pulled up and held with easy discipline against a spine as pliant as steel-spring. It could be a twenty-year-old's glory or the pride of a woman who has made maintenance a lifelong habit. The point is, whatever its age, this is the body of youth, and its first claim on the new year is a young body's reward: this perfect freedom and smoothness under clothes—nothing but a sheer stretch of stockings to the waist and a lithe little stocking of bodice. This, in golden skin stretch nylon, is Warner's sensational sequel to their famous Body Stocking; about $8. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Nylon tights by Beautiful Bryans: Bonwit Teller.

THE YEAR OF THE BODY

SLACK-JACKET SUIT

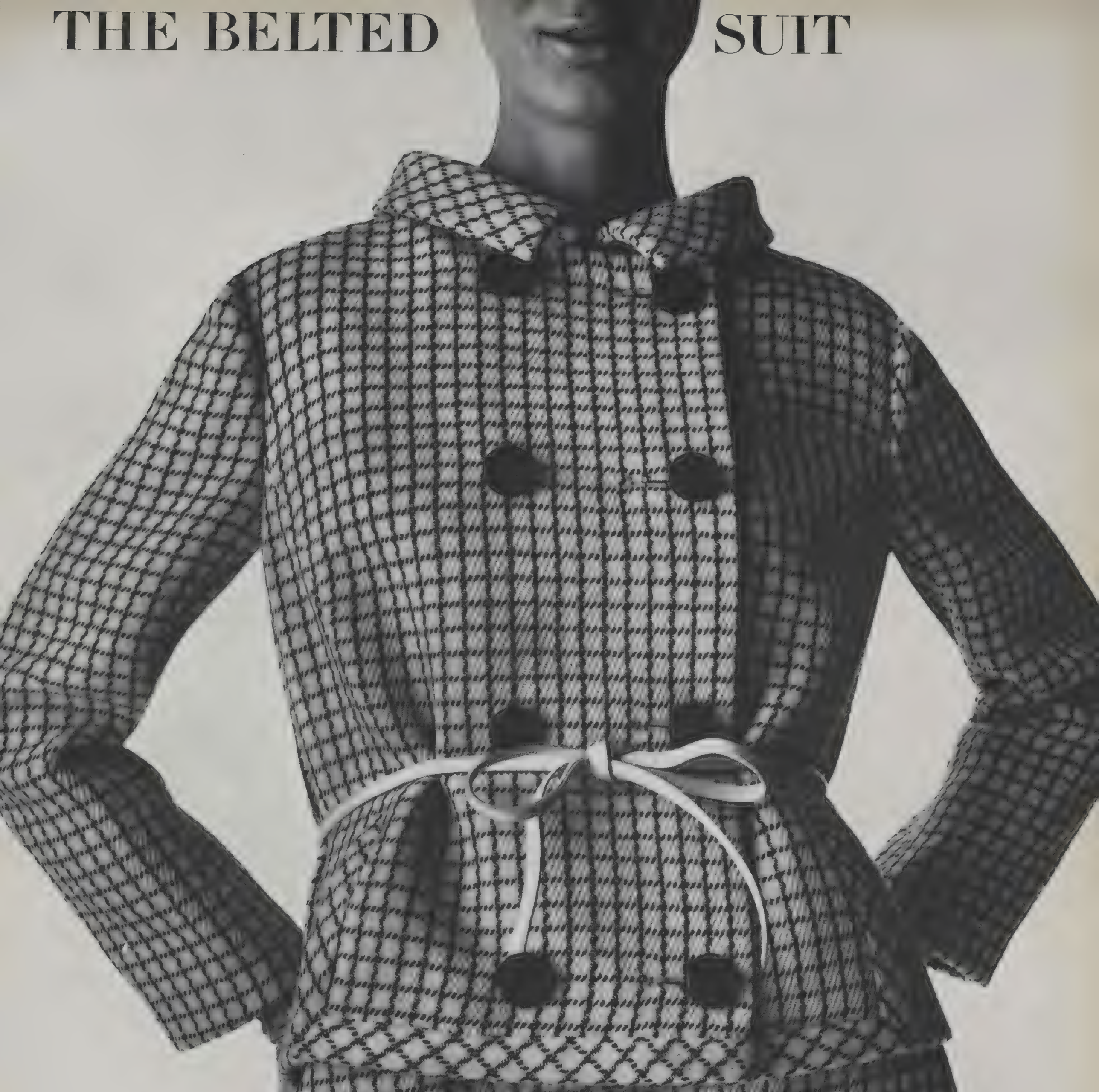


SLACK—LONGER UNSHAPED JACKET, LONGER SLEEVES... BELTED—SMALLER, STRAIGHTER, DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, HELD WITH A LEATHER TAPE

Left: Longer, languid suit-proportions, unlanguid navy-and-white barchecks. Double-breasted jacket to the hip, sleeves dropped, complete suppleness of shoulder. No shaping anywhere. Slack. Takes: a perfectly held body—spine pulled up, good shoulders. Gives: a charming fluidity and length of torso. The ropes of big bogus pearls by Marvella. *Right:* Terse little double-breasted jacket, tight-twilled black-and-white checks, lightly held by the belt of the year—a tape of beige capeskin. Note, left and right, the neat unjoined collars, high armholes and elongated sleeves, skirts with gait—that's the '65 idea. Originala suits, of Anglo wool, each about $215. Belt by Ben-King. Gloves by Roger Faré. All at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PENN

THE BELTED SUIT



THE LEOTARD—



REVEALING, CONCEALING, ENCLOSING THE BODY FROM NECK TO FOOT... MOVING, SINUOUSLY, AMONG BUOYANT FLOATS OF SOUFFLÉ FABRIC

Now, the body itself is the great fashion-power—the long flow of the body-line, strong, supple, beautiful—the look of youth; not hampered, but freed by what it wears. . . . Here—to wear at home—three marvellous long sleek leotards, entwined in floats of airy soufflé fabrics, like Amazon robes. *Right,* snake-printed leotard in black-and-white; white matelassé toga. *Centre:* Harlequin leotard, diamonded in black and white; black matelassé toga. *Far right,* gold lamé Amazon skirt, looped up over a lacy black leotard. All, designed by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Togas and skirt of rayon and silk (Kandelaft fabrics). Printed leotards of Ban-Lon nylon jersey (S. Edwards fabric); both by Capezio. Black stretch nylon lace leotard; by Bewitching. Costumes to order at Bonwit Teller. K.J.L. earrings. Both pages: coiffures for Elizabeth Arden by Imo.

ALL THE WAY



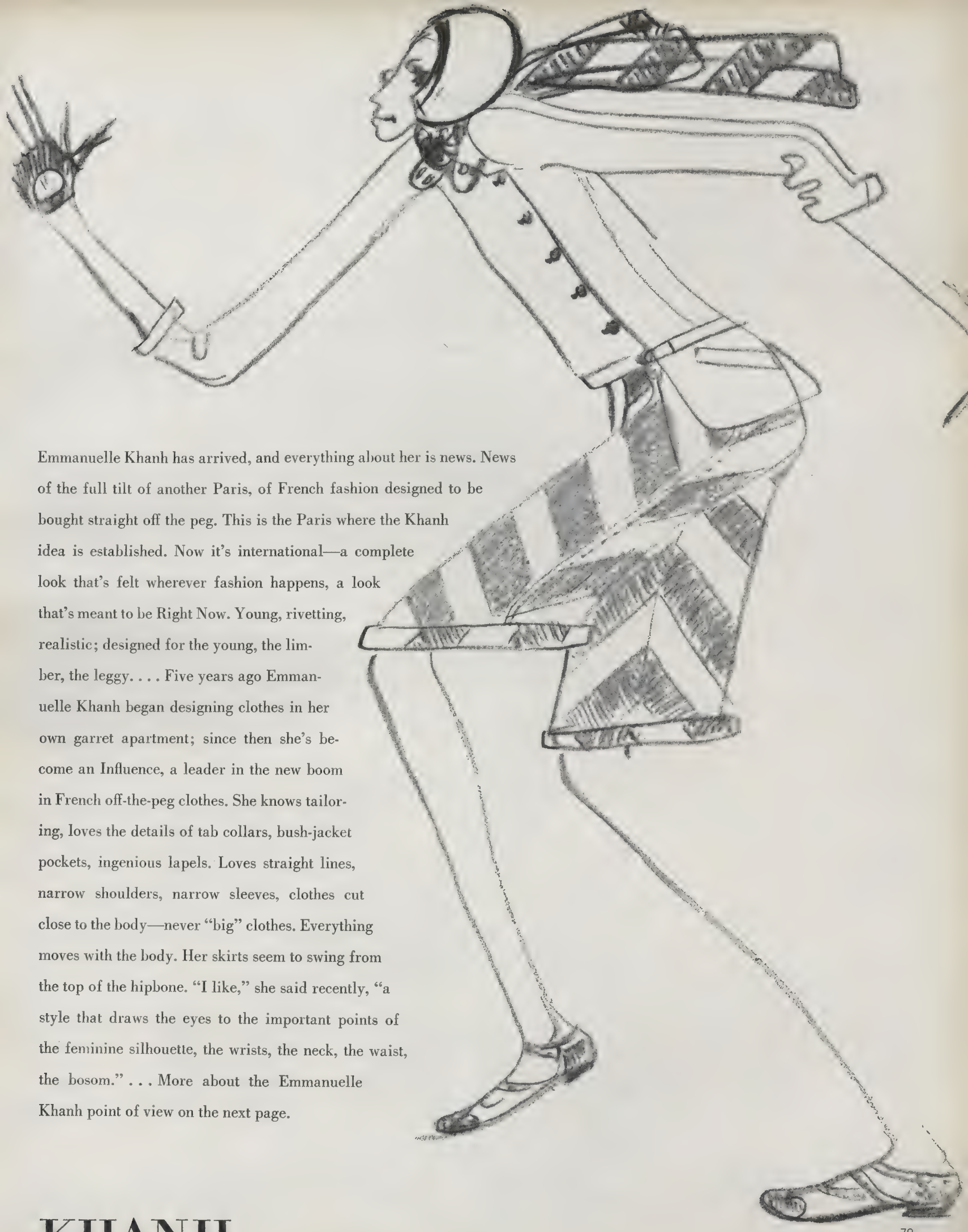
PENN



This page: Emmanuelle Khanh's lanky little spring suit of oyster-white wool gabardine; fawn stitching outlines real pockets, fakes narrow lapels - a new switch on the emphasis she has always attached to lapels, beginning with the now famous "droop" and dogear variety. The skirt, swinging wider at the hem, slashed at the sides over a matching underskirt. About $175. At Macy's Little Shop. Stockings by Adler. Pappagallo shoes. Coiffure by Marc Sinclair. *Opposite:* Striped culottes on the bias—a larky suit idea Emmanuelle Khanh sketched to forecast her culotte plans for spring '65. Definitely one of the ideas she called "not the graces of the Louvre, but the aesthetic of twenty-four hours at Le Mans."

THE FORCE OF EMMANUELLE

PENN



Emmanuelle Khanh has arrived, and everything about her is news. News of the full tilt of another Paris, of French fashion designed to be bought straight off the peg. This is the Paris where the Khanh idea is established. Now it's international—a complete look that's felt wherever fashion happens, a look that's meant to be Right Now. Young, rivetting, realistic; designed for the young, the limber, the leggy. . . . Five years ago Emmanuelle Khanh began designing clothes in her own garret apartment; since then she's become an Influence, a leader in the new boom in French off-the-peg clothes. She knows tailoring, loves the details of tab collars, bush-jacket pockets, ingenious lapels. Loves straight lines, narrow shoulders, narrow sleeves, clothes cut close to the body—never "big" clothes. Everything moves with the body. Her skirts seem to swing from the top of the hipbone. "I like," she said recently, "a style that draws the eyes to the important points of the feminine silhouette, the wrists, the neck, the waist, the bosom." . . . More about the Emmanuelle Khanh point of view on the next page.

KHANH

THE KHANH IDEA OF A BEACH



EMMANUELLE KHANH
TALKS ABOUT FASHION...
HER FASHION

"Au hasard—a few notes, not definitive notes, because the characteristic of fashion is in not being definitive, to vary with the time as with the seasons, with the place, with the people, with the techniques—because the techniques also have their fashions—as they do in science and in art; last year's cyclotron has no value now. If it is futile to change, then futility is the strength of our time. 'There is nothing more beautiful than truth,' said Boileau. One would have to add humour. A beautiful dress which is dull is a dead dress. A beautiful woman who is neutral is a vacuous woman. Beauty perhaps comes from within the head....Long? or short? Above or below the knee? That depends. Short is gayer, for summer, holidays, parties in the country. Long is for travel, for the cold days, for the sleighs, for the grey days. Thus, when the weather is neither good nor bad, when one neither takes the train, nor the supersonic car, i. e., for today and perhaps for tomorrow: right in the middle of the knee....

And the colours? This moment I like crude colours, primary colours for cottons; I like the molten hues of Shetlands and tweeds; I like the material of beautiful whipcord, or the richness of fleece. The bias-cut materials which mould the skirt and give freedom of movement, the natural line, the soft shoulders, the waistline at the tummy, just a half inch below the waist, but not the exaggeratedly low waistline. I love the logic of clothes which respond to every gesture, logic pushed even to absurdity is not absurd."

CULOTTE, A COAT



Left: The zouave culotte, with a nice touch of mystery in the curving, hooded blouse; a quick sketch of a look Emmanuelle Khanh plans to make for this year's life at the sunnier seasides—Italy, Madeira, the Bahamas. *Right:* Narrow tailored coat of white wool fleece; panelled front effected by slashes to the waist at each side; tabbed shoulders; bush-jacket pockets; russet leather buttons, a suède belt poised at the top of th[illegible] About $250. Macy's Little [illegible]



BIAS BACK

TWO-PIECE DRESS—BIAS BACK, WIDE HEM, LOOKS OF LINEN... SMALL-JACKET SUIT—PEAK OF PRECISION IN PALE TATTERSALL

Left: A look that turns on a beautiful back, commands it to happen—dips and lengthens the line, reveals it in motion. Bias-back overblouse, yoked and straight in front, skirt with a snappy young width of hem. In string-greige Fibranne, with the looks of linen. Hair pulled back in a soft brown snood—one pretty way scarfs will be tied in '65. Monte-Sano & Pruzan dress. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Balenciaga snood: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. *Right:* Here's spring—small and immaculate, in the most appetizing paleness of plaid. Firm worsted Tattersall in coffee, yellow, pink, and green, with golden globe buttons and a cheekily tied silk blouse—all as fresh as a small boy in the morning. Long rounded sleeves, slashed, buttoned; pocket flaps on the jacket arched over trouser pockets in the skirt; final pat of stitching all around. By Ben Zuckerman. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Mr. John's pithy pink helmet.

PENN

SMALLEST JACKET





THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT—SHINY BLACK, BELTED LOW
...THE SCARF IDEA—ONE PRETTY WAY TO TIE IT

Left: Slippery shine of black, lowered belt, quick readiness to go anywhere, in any weather—it all adds up to a great little coat in 1965, and it's all here. Anything-goes coat in black ciré plastique, slick as wet blacktop, buttoned in gilt; by Originala. About $200 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Frost Bros. The black striped stockings are by Beautiful Bryans, at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* There are 1,001 pretty ways to tie a scarf, and more are being discovered all the time—this, one of the newest and prettiest yet. A great square of purple-and-white silk, drawn snugly over a fez-shaped hat-crown, wrapped smoothly around the face, ending in a fillip of silk over the ear. By Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN

BELTED COAT SCARFED HEAD



HAIR LOOPED AT NIGHT

THE SKIMP COAT SHINING ON FOR EVENING IN PINK PAILLETTES.... DAY-STRAIGHT HAIR SWUNG NIGHTWARD BY STRAIGHT HAIR ADDED IN LOOPS

Right: Small everywhere and unlaboured—the perfect little shell of coat that began its rise to fame in July Vogue. Now—pailletted on thinnest wool, buttoned in pink jewels, worn very short or to the kneebone over white lace stockings, satin boots—it spangles the evening in an impeccable pink, pale and certain. By Originala. Vera scarf. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Van Raalte gloves. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Herbert Levine boots. Hair done by Filippo with the help of one of several hairpieces he designed for House of Revlon. *Left:* Straight, thick, gleaming hair, shaped and moulded—best hair going for day. Going into night this way: added toupets of straight hair in big square bows, like the lacquery loops of a geisha wig. Alexandre's entrancing evening coiffure. The necklace, by Schlumberger of Tiffany.



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PAILLETTED SKIMP COAT



THE ANYTHING-GOES COAT THIS YEAR IN HARD-ENAMEL WHITE, BELTED LOW... SMOOTH DRY WOOLS, CRUSTY WEAVES... WARM WHITES AND OFF-WHITES, BEIGES FLAMING INTO ORANGE

A short fling of enamel-white vinyl to wear anytime, any weather—it's the anything-goes coat with a low tied belt, low collar, all the fashion-flex in the world. By Originala, of ciré plastique; about $200. Vera scarf. Hanes seamless stockings. All, Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Grandoe gloves. Golo boots, of Loewenstein calfskin. Adolfo hat. Fabric details, on page 48.

PENN

WHITES TO BLAZING ORANGE

HARD-ENAMEL COLOURS



THE BELTED TOPCOAT, SHORT AND SMALL, IN STRONG BRIGHT YELLOW SUÈDE.... THE SHARP CRACK OF BLACK AND WHITE, CLEAR ENAMEL BLUE

A narrow little yellow suède coat-shape, now with an important low, easy belt that measures off the great proportions of a very short skirt, the trimmest knees, cropped boots. By Samuel Robert, of suèded calfskin. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves by Grandoe. Stockings of Vectra fibre. Boots by Golo, of Loewenstein calfskin. Hat by Emme. Fabric details on page 48.

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FOR LEGS AND FEET–

FANTASY AND PROPORTIONING

PROPORTIONING—GAITERS, TAPES OF LEATHER BY DAY, DEMI-LONGUEUR AT NIGHT...FANTASY—SANDALS ON AN ORIENTAL WAVE

Far left: New way to establish the proper proportion of leg to above-the-knee skirts—bare-backed shoes with long tapes winding up the leg, tied just below the knee. One in a silky tiger print, the other black kidskin. Both pairs by Roger Vivier, Paris, for Tiffeau & Busch.

Near left: Spanking cocoa-brown gaiters rising to the level of knee socks with skirts to the kneebone or four inches above. Edged in white and zipped on over low-heeled shoes in the same warm cocoa-brown. Designed by Galitzine, made in Italy. Gaiters and shoes of Corfam. To order: I. Miller Galleria. Stretch nylon stockings by Adler.

Above: For a life of far-Eastern *fantaisie* at home, lacquery red calfskin clog sandals; half-moon heels arched under the instep. Herbert Levine. About $45. To order at Bonwit Teller.

Near right: Coming on the Eastern wave, a demi-longueur skirt—fluid levels of drapery in pink crêpe creating seductive new proportions on the leg...feet bared in golden Turkish sandals with *retroussé* toes, slender jewelled chains. Dress by John Moore. Julianelli sandals. $50. To order: Lord & Taylor.

Far right: The daytime foot, bared now at the heel and toe. A strip of beige kidskin across the toe adds to the look of nakedness, the back is just a sliver of black kidskin above the charming curve of a Baby Louis heel. About $35. By Roger Vivier: Saks Fifth Avenue. Berkshire stockings. At Altman's.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE SPEAKS

Jean-Paul Sartre, a small, intense philosopher in heavy-rimmed glasses and often a worn trench coat, has been the centre of a dominant group of French intellectuals for more than twenty-five years. A figure of international literary controversy, he recently refused the 1964 Nobel Prize for Literature, awarded to him for his novels, plays, essays, and his autobiography, *The Words*. His fame, however, rests partly on his success in making Existentialism a popular, but rarely understood, philosophy. During World War II, Sartre became a power in the French Resistance, and in July, 1945, wrote for Vogue an article on new French writing in which he explained what, at fifty-nine, he still believes: "Literature is no fancy activity independent of politics."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM BY JACQUELINE PIATIER

Q. Why are there contradictions of chronology in The Words?

SARTRE: The contradictions of chronology in *The Words* (critics were right to emphasize them) come from the fact that the greater part of the book was written in 1954, then re-handled and modified ten years later in the months that preceded its publication. I did not coordinate the dates.

Q. When you say "for ten years I have been a man awakening from a long, bitter, sweet madness," is it really from 1954 that this change must be dated?

SARTRE: Yes. At that time, as a result of political events, I was deeply preoccupied by my relations with the Communist Party. Thrown into the atmosphere of action, I suddenly understood the kind of neurosis that dominated all my previous work. I had not been able to recognize it before: I was inside. Simone de Beauvoir had guessed these reasons before I did. The characteristic of every neurosis is to represent itself as natural. I considered calmly that I was born to write. I needed to justify my existence, and I had made an absolute of literature. It took me thirty years to get rid of this state of mind. When my relations with the Communist Party gave me the necessary perspective, I decided to write my autobiography. I wanted to show how a man can pass from literature held sacred to action which nevertheless remains that of an intellectual.

In *The Words* I explain the origin of madness, of my neurosis. This analysis may help the young who dream of writing. This desire is rather strange all the same and is not without a certain "cracked" quality. The lad who dreams of being a boxing champion or an admiral chooses reality. If the writer chooses the imaginary, he confuses the two.

Q. One would say after reading you that you seem to regret having been forced to choose literature.

SARTRE: The fact is that in 1954 I was very near regretting it. I was a neophyte in another world. I had dreamed my life for nearly fifty years (I am fifty-nine). But, you see, there are two tones in *The Words:* the echo of this condemnation and a mitigation of that severity. If I did not publish this autobiography sooner and in its most radical form, it is because I considered it exaggerated. There is no cause to drag some luckless being in the mud because he writes. Besides, I had realized in the meantime that action too has its difficulties, and that one can also be led to it by neurosis. We are not saved by politics any more than by literature.

Q. What are we saved by?

SARTRE: By nothing. There is no salvation anywhere. The idea of salvation implies the idea of an absolute. For forty years I was conscripted by the absolute, the neurosis. The absolute is gone. There remain countless tasks among which literature is in no way privileged. It is in this sense that "I no longer know what to do with my life" must be understood. Critics have been mistaken about the meaning of this phrase, seeing in it a cry of despair as in Simone de Beauvoir's "I have been cheated." When she uses this word it is to indicate that she claims from life an absolute which she can not find there. We have the same point of view. I am no more in despair than she is. Moreover, I have always been an optimist, perhaps even too much so . . . .

Q. The first Sartrean universe, that of Nausea, *was scarcely rose-coloured. Have you stopped seeing the world in this light?*

SARTRE: No, the universe remains dark. We are animals struck by catastrophe. . . . But I discovered suddenly that alienation, exploitation of man by man, undernourishment relegated to the background metaphysical evil, which is a luxury. Hunger is an evil; period. A Soviet citizen, an official writer, once said to me, "The day when Communism (that is, well-being for everyone) reigns, man's tragedy will begin: his finitude." It is not yet time to reveal it. I believe, I desire, that social and economic ills may be remedied. With a little luck that epoch may arrive. I am on the side of those who think that things will go better when the world has changed.

Q. So you reject the condemned universe of a Samuel Beckett?

SARTRE: I admire Beckett, but I am totally against him. He seeks no improvement. My pessimism has never been flabby. From the period when I wrote *Nausea,* I wanted to create a morality. My evolution consists in my no longer dreaming of doing so. Today I consider *Fruits of the Earth* as a frightening book: "Look for God in no other place than everywhere." Go and tell that to a workman, an engineer! Gide can say it to me: it is a writer's morality only addressed to a few privileged people. For that reason it no longer interests me. First all men must be able to become men by improvement of their conditions of existence, so that a universal morality can be created. If I begin by saying to them, "Thou shalt not lie," there is no longer any possibility of political action. What matters first is the liberation of man.

Q. Does all this lead you to renounce your previous work?

SARTRE: Not at all. What I wrote about this in *The Words* has been misunderstood. There is no book of mine that I reject. That does not mean that I find them good. What I regretted in *Nausea* was not to have put myself completely into the thing. I remained outside my hero's disease, protected by my neurosis which, through writing, gave me happiness. . . . I have always been happy. Even if I had been more honest with regard to myself at that moment I should still have written *Nausea.* What I lacked was a sense of reality. I have changed since. I have slowly learned to experience reality. I have seen children dying of hunger. Over against a dying child *Nausea* can not act as a counterweight.

Q. What work would act as a counterweight?

SARTRE: That is exactly the writer's problem. What does literature stand for in a hungry world? Like morality, literature needs to be universal. So that the writer must put himself on the side of the majority, of the two billion starving, if he wishes to be able to speak to all and be read by all. Failing that, he is at the service of a privileged class and, like it, an exploiter. To find this total public he has two ways: the momentary renunciation of literature in order to educate the people which has been accepted by Soviet writers. In a country lacking leaders, in Africa, for instance, how could a native educated in Europe refuse to become a professor, even at the price of his literary vocation? If he preferred to write novels in Europe, his attitude would appear to me verging on treason. Despite an apparent contradiction there is no difference between service to an entire community and the requirements of literature.

The second way, applicable in our non-revolutionary societies, to prepare for the time when everyone will read, is to pose problems in the most radical and intransigent manner. This is what Alain Badiou has just done in *Almagestes,* where he puts language on trial with an intention of cleansing, of catharsis.

Q. An Almagestes *readable by all?*

SARTRE: Be careful. I am not recommending "popular" literature which aims at the lowest. The public, too, has to make an effort in order to understand the writer who, though he renounces complacent obscurity, can not always express his new-hidden thoughts lucidly and according to accepted models. Take Mallarmé. I hold him to be the greatest of French poets, and I have taken some time to understand him! His theory of the hermetic is a mistake, but he can only be difficult to read when he has difficult things to say. Besides one should not believe that the people want only reading that is easy to absorb. The recent experiences of pocket books prove this. I have changed my public since my works have been published in a smaller format. Now I receive letters from workers, from secretaries. . . . They are the most interesting ones.

Q. In short, the meeting between writer and public, which you wish to be as extensive as possible so that literature may at last find its authenticity, is a victory on both sides. . . .

SARTRE: It is a battle that has to be fought. As long as the writer can not write for the two billion men who are hungry, he will be oppressed by a feeling of malaise. (Continued on page 159)

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

the nine young people here and on the next two pages: their talents clear, they glisten with impending fame. From the top of this page, down:

GEORGE SEGAL, a craggy, serious actor with a kick-in-the-pants laugh, who pulled in three important movie parts with this powerful magnet: he is sensible, gutsy, engaged, not smarmy, yet motherable. After finishing *Invitation to a Gunfighter* with Yul Brynner, and *Ship of Fools* with everybody else, he will be, this year, the king rat in *King Rat*. A sandy young man of thirty, George Segal often talks about a tumble of things simultaneously. He expects his listeners to be tuned in to several wavelengths at once. He is.

DIONNE WARWICK, who, in France where the young have a mash on her singing, is called "la lionne d'East Orange," New Jersey. At twenty-four, this lioness, lionized, has played the Olympia in Paris, the Palladium in London, been mobbed, headlined, screamed over. In America, where her records, including "Walk On By" and "Reach Out for Me," have, for a year, been daily bread to disc jockeys, she has performed in public only on one-night, no-fame circuits. In 1965, Dionne Warwick, whose voice has a raw irresistible sweetness like maple sugar, should be a big name in big places.

BOB DYLAN, a folk-song writer and singer who, like fluoridation, rouses violent response. His dark, urgent verse and emotional slash cut him out from the young hootenanny pack. Known best for "Blowin' in the Wind," this twenty-three-year-old, bony young man with a fleece-coloured face and a twang voice, started with songs of acute topicality, has moved on to chronic aches. "I don't want to write *for* people anymore," he said. "I want to write from inside me." Overlooking success, he ran into it.

JENNIFER HILARY, the porcelain-skinned English actress who, at twenty-one, has glazed London audiences with her portrayal of quiet disaster as a suicide in James Saunders' new play, *A Scent of Flowers*. An absorbed, appealing young woman with a directed will and a notably beautiful voice, she appeared on Broadway last season in Anouilh's *The Rehearsal*. With her knack for turning inner colloquy into public message, everything is possible.

VIRNA LISI, *opposite page*, who is nobody's Cinderella. A green-eyed Italian blonde of twenty-seven, she is staggeringly beautiful, has a husband, rich, handsome, young. Dotty about her small son, she is awash with *joie de vivre* as she swoops around in her red Maserati, flies a plane, and enjoys. She has bounce and glint and a sliver of ice. After a double-dozen movie rôles in Europe, she jumped into the star part, opposite Jack Lemmon, in her first American movie, *How to Murder Your Wife*. When it opens next month, the taxing question about her may merely be, does she look more like Madeleine Carroll with a jot of Harlow, or Grace Kelly with a dash of Monroe.

THE YOUNG

GEORGE SEGAL
DIONNE WARWICK
BOB DYLAN
JENNIFER HILARY
VIRNA LISI




LEOMBRUNO-BODI

INGE MORATH



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

four more of the young, now wreathed in success: JESSICA WALTER, *opposite page*, an intense, pretty actress who "looks as though she has been melted down from a chandelier," as Walter Kerr wrote. She won, in 1963, the Clarence Derwent Award for the most outstanding young actress. At twenty-two, she has played guest anguish to most of television's doctors, nurses, lawyers. This year's promise: a star rôle in a new TV series. Daughter of a schoolteacher and the notable musician, David Walter, this black-eyed girl with Hershey-brown hair attacks acting as if it were a Master's thesis: no snow, just commanding work. ADRIANA MALIPONTE, *top left*, a small, cheerful, twenty-six-year-old Italian lyric soprano who may be the hottest thing in opera since Tebaldi. Now a permanent member of the spectacularly revived Paris Opera, she may sing Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Saint of Bleecker Street* in America this spring. A crisp apple of a woman, who once trained as a dancer, and has a fix on all stray animals, she brings on stage a voice like a juicy diamond and a tender, open approach that's as unstudied as haiku. C. D. B. BRYAN (Courtlandt Dixon Barnes), *top centre*, a well-brushed flag pole of a young man who wrote the 1965 Harper Prize Novel, *P. S. Wilkinson*. Stepson of John O'Hara, son of the historical writer, J. Bryan III, C. D. B. Bryan at twenty-eight has a high exterior gloss and advanced tastes (his hobby: Duesenbergs) that hide a scat humour. His novel, however, which will be published by Harper & Row in February, is largely sobersided. As deceptively owlish as Lord Peter Wimsey, he stabs balloons; some, his own. He assumed the preacherly pose here, for "contemplating eternity, man's place in the scheme of things, and the grocery list." All, possibly, true. GISELA ELSNER, *top right*, a wry, dark-haired young German who last spring won the international Prix Formentor with her first novel, *The Giant Dwarfs*. Twenty-seven years old, with unflinching eyes and beautiful legs, she is married to a painter, now lives in London because, she said, "It's so far from nature. I don't like nature." Trailing a small steady success in Germany and Austria with short stories, she spent four years, almost cauled in her work, on *The Giant Dwarfs*, written as a child's view of adults. It will be published this spring in England and America. Working on a second novel, she said, breaking banalities like burnt matches, "I don't have any children; when you write you don't have time, and they are not necessary."

THE YOUNG

JESSICA WALTER
ADRIANA MALIPONTE
C. D. B. BRYAN
GISELA ELSNER

BEAUTY BULLETIN

PREDICTIONS '65.... HAIR, MAKE-UP, AND THE SURPRISES ARRIVING IN BEAUTY JARS.... THE FORECAST FOR THE YEAR....

All these are coming on for 1965: dazzling, peachier, pinkier lipsticks—noticeably juicy, glistening. And where will that leave the beige and honey-coloured lipsticks we've known and loved? Doing beautifully. A far cry from being through, lipsticks beiged up and down are going into new versions, new formulations. (Most fascinating of these is built on a new moisturizing principle that provides the sheerest, surest coverage we've ever seen in lipstick.) . . . Smaller, head-shaped cuts of hair are forecast by almost every great hairdresser in the world. Awfully chic. Awfully neat. Especially when the back of the hair is shingled interestingly. But won't this news cut into the hold enjoyed by longer hair? Not on your real-life. As one chicerino insisted when pressed by her scissors-happy hairdresser, "Long hair is pretty. Short hair is chic. But I say that if you can't project chic with what you've bought to put on your back, you won't say it with anything." In any case, if hair loaded with romantic big loops of fake hair loses its appeal for evening, we will personally eat Killer Joe Piro's hat, assuming he owns one.... Ornamental make-ups are on; suddenly very much on. The night has come when a few bravura types determine which make-up fantasy they'll wear for a given evening (birds, beasts, butterflies are among the choices, as are jewelled faces and authentic Oriental make-ups), and then go on to choose the dress that'll work best with it. One version, which begins with a startling pearl-white face, has a future so magnetic that some avant-gardistes are sneaking down to Mott Street this minute to take make-up lessons from a Chinese-theatre make-up specialist. How will all this affect the fresh, soft, "natural" make-up you see every smart where these days? It won't. Soft beige foundations, plus blushers in earthy pinks or apricots, plus mothwing eyes, plus a sweep of white above the eyes and pale eyebrows over and above—these add up to the It make-up of our time. And you can bet your sable make-up brush that this marvellously wearable make-up will stay around awhile, possibly forever.... The gist of the beauty outlook for 1965 is this: you can't be in the army unless you're alert to good old Major Trends and General Tendencies. But beyond this, there's option as never before. And the exercise of option is one of the charms of the present beauty reality.... But how broad the option and what means reality? This. The woman who knows her way around the basic (Continued, page 104)

How to look across the seasons: beauty adventure, beginning here

For this first issue of the year, Vogue decided to look across the year with the help of Elizabeth Arden's gifted face designer, Pablo. Using something from each of the four seasons' own nature, he costumed the mannequins as fantasies, but meant every word of the make-up advice. More about this, page 42. Spring flowers, summer fern, autumn feathers, all arranged by Pablo. Arden's Imo dealt with the hair in each case.



Winter 1965

Suddenly, this face: cool, white, pale as a pearl. For evening, the newest face in sight. Jewellery here, by K. J. L. At Lord & Taylor.

BERT STERN





Spring
1965

The face is drenched in daylight. Make-up softens; it pinkens, or grows more peachy. Wreath, Lilly Daché.

BERT STERN

Summer
1965

Like the whole summer world,
the face is totally alive.
Make-up draws on the sun—
transparency is everything.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

PREDICTIONS '65....THE BEAUTY THAT'S EXPECTED

(*Continued from page 100*) make-ups; who likes and does well with extravaganzas; who thirsts for the farther-out—this is the woman who might embark on the ornamental. Embark via the excerpt route. For instance, from Pakistan she might borrow the idea of silver strips worn under the eyes, of silverdust over her eyelids. From U.S.A. mannequins she might lift the thought of fake widows' peaks that match her hair colouring (and the darker that colouring, the more piquant the peak). From Korean beauties she might latch onto the drama of white, white skin, pink eye shadow, red mouches on each cheek.

She accepts these facts. Fake eyelashes are fixtures for evening. Iridescence in make-up goes on making history. Until eyebrows are almost erased from the face, the eyebrow recession will continue. Even strong black Italian eyebrows will feel the touch of gold and wheat-blond eyebrow powders affectingly. Still with us: the grey, grey-brown, and beige eye shadows, although a darker, kohlier, lead-grey eye shadow has developed a following. The rage for bigger and bigger compacts, and the fondness for the mirror space thereby afforded, will be bigger and bigger in 1965. Getting organized for a happier handbag life, the felicities called "beauty brushes" include a sable one that telescopes and transports like a lipstick.... More suntan slicks are slipping in with tint engraved in the formula. The imminent American beach make-up Italians know all about already: silky, glossy eyelash stain; a suntan encourager that looks like a jar of fluffy, tinted make-up foundation, and indeed is exactly fifty per cent *that*. Could this be the year that skin preparations begin to appear in tandem-cruets for the combination skin, one part dry to one part oily? This could be the year for more news on the hormones-for-beauty track; the medical track.

Due in a matter of weeks and overdue for centuries: an anti-perspirant for the kind of face that breaks through make-up in minutes—the face of an oil heiress, as it were. And expect more news of the micron powder that also holds down facial shine effectively.... There's no end in sight for nacre fingernails; new tallow shades are in the works. Preference for toenails, however, will be a good vibrant peach, pretty against the sand.... Bareness of skin will prompt new beauty products. One we've heard of is a new depilatory that could be an allover proposition, and we're looking into the herb Indonesian women are said to use daily to keep every square inch of skin silk.... More shaving gels. More creams to make the bare foot as soft as a cared-for hand. More bath oils that polish the skin and deodorize right down to the toes.

Expect the first real beauty news from the mouthwash tycoons. Why can't mouthwashes be flower-scented instead of so recognizably astringent? They can. And why can't these be done up in tiny flacons? They can. Are being.... More and more preparations for bleached and tinted hair—special shampoos, lacquers. New ways to splash highlights on tinted and non-tinted hair. Fringes and bangs may subside a little—one wise hairdresser says that pale bangs are for anyone, but dark bangs only for the young. One of the best new hairpieces is a headband made of hair to match one's own hair. Worn for day, it puts spring and bounce into the hair it holds back. Worn with hairpieces, it covers the seams. (The Word from great hairdressers, next issue.) More beauty spas opening, more understanding of their need—that a good spa retrains a woman in beauty. Health foods, sans faddism, have a hold as never before. The latest rage is a millet meal breakfast recipe, and more on this next issue, too.



Autumn 1965

The costume-party face has its biggest moment. Surrounded by all the feathers in pheasantdom, a face with an eye as round as a bird's; eyebrows a pair of nothingnesses.

BERT STERN







PUCCI'S AFRICA: THE PURE WONDER

The fascination Africa holds for Italy goes back in time—with some harsh and bitter interludes—beyond recorded history to the annals of legend, as far into the dim past as the incendiary passion of Dido and Aeneas spent to ashes on the shores of Carthage. Impelled by an ancient instinct, Italy has again and again found in Africa her wilder shore of love.

It was inevitable that Pucci, so large in his compass of life—scholar, soldier, politician, designer—would one day come under the African spell. He has returned from the vast continent with a burning sense of its dangerous beauty hushed in mystery: the stirring jungles, the rushing waters, the wild and savage places where the heart pounds in echo to tribal drums. Pucci's Africa is the very land of the sun—splendidly barbaric in its deep purity and strength, from the earliest Egyptians down to the many nations of today. It is the strange primordial wonder on which the great heat shines, bringing the earth to myriad life at dawn, firing it with fluctuating change through the day, putting it to rest at night.

Colour is the language in which Pucci conveys this intense experience: he transcribes colour to silk as another might put impassioned words to paper. At dawn, the pastel shades—yellows and pinks thrown across the waters, blues and greens slanting down through forests and leafy trees. Then the first pinks and whites, the lilac-blues and turquoise-greens, in turn giving way to shades brighter still as the sun arches through its zenith. At day's end, the African sun drops suddenly, striking just a line of crimson in the darkening sky. The colours turn murky, leaves become dark olive, the land sombre brown, water midnight-violet, as they are briefly glanced by the last illuminating rays of purple and white.

The land of the sun, blazoned on soft silk softly cut in Pucci's own vivid language of colour, gives meaning to every silhouette, every detail of his new sun collection. The marvellous lines breathe the power of the sun and shield against its excesses—enveloping the body in sun-wild freedom and seduction.

LASHING WAVES OF COLOUR *left,* rush over the body the great length of a *barracano,* its wild streaming undulations inspired by the fierce currents of Lake Tanganyika. The hooded cape flings open to the sun, revealing golden skin, the barest bikini. Silk cape by Emilio Pucci, at Lord & Taylor.

HENRY CLARKE

PUCCI'S AFRICA: THE FLUCTUATING COLOUR

Opposite: Motion more sensed than seen; the body emerges through a breadth of silk chiffon catching the air like a kite before the wind—its wild geometry of white and murky dyes flung wide to the elbow, then drawn close to breeze a pale-green bikini of silk shantung. *Above:* A splendid ease, born of the sun lands of Africa, infuses the cut, the colour of lilac, mauve, and turquoise-green silk pyjamas—moving with the body in a soft wave of pleasure. The costumes on these six pages, designed by Emilio Pucci. These at Lord & Taylor.

HENRY CLARKE



Above: Barbaric and bold as a tribal drum, black banged out on white silk foulard cuts wide of clutter to free the body, free the mind with a single sweep of form—wildly easy pyjamas without restraint of time or place. *Opposite:* Moving to new freedom, a great sway of silk reveals the leg more seductively than the barest cover—from under a marvellous kick of lilac and turquoise-green matelassé panelled with the arbitrary delight of an unspoiled eye. Both pyjamas designed by Emilio Pucci. Saks Fifth Avenue.

HENRY CLARKE

PUCCI'S AFRICA: THE LAND OF SUN

YOUTH QUAKE

There is a marvellous moment that starts at thirteen and wastes no time. No longer waits to grow up, but makes its own way, its own look by the end of the week. Gone is the once-upon-a-daydream world. The dreams, still there, break into action: writing, singing, acting, designing. Youth, warm and gay as a kitten yet self-sufficient as James Bond, is surprising countries east and west with a sense of assurance serene beyond all years.

First hit by the surprise-wave, England and France already accept the new jump-off age as one of the exhilarating realities of life today. The same exuberant tremor is now coursing through America—which practically invented this century's youth in the first place.

The year's in its youth, the youth in its year. Under 24 and over 90,000,000 strong in the U. S. alone. More dreamers. More doers. Here. Now. Youthquake 1965.

HEIDI MURRAY VANDERBILT. Brown hair, level brown-eyed gaze, a brow of candour. At sixteen, she is what she wants to be: an acting actress—TV, movies, a featured rôle in the national company of *Take Her, She's Mine,* another in a summer stock tour of *Sound of Music.* Trains on ballet, modern dance, opera lessons. Writes poetry for pleasure, plays the guitar—has given concerts around New York. For Heidi Vanderbilt, nothing could be more fun than life, here and now. She is the daughter of Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt and Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.





CONSUELO SARAH RUSSELL, below. Eighteen. A golden girl, lithe and gay. Has studied drama, is studying fashion design. Bargains are her idea of heaven—amusing clothes from offbeat shops; New York places where you can sit around a pot of coffee and talk forever. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Russell. LORNA MARTHA HYDE, right. Dark, freckled, eighteen. Briarcliff freshman. Talks eagerly about: fashion, J. D. Salinger, bossa nova, Barbra Streisand, working someday in Italy—"Everybody there tries to make life more fun for everybody else. I like that." Daughter of Mrs. de la Grange Hyde and Mr. Henry B. Hyde.



WHO'S ON NEXT



PENATI



WHO'S ON NEXT

CATHERINE CARLISLE HART, above. Tall, springy, with a yard of dark, straight, satin-ribbon hair. Plans, eventually, to go on the stage (meet the Spence School's triumphant Macbeth). For now, the joys of fourteen are enough: friends, school, riding, tennis, the new dances—Bird, Monkey, Surf, in order named. Daughter of Mrs. Moss Hart and the late Moss Hart. STELLA ASTOR. British. Fifteen. A smasher—very white skin, splash of gold-brown hair, eyes the colour of green grapes ripening. Everything delights her: "people, life, laughing." Two dreams: to pass her exams with some glory, to look like Jean Shrimpton. Daughter of the Hon. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Astor.

CECIL BEATON

WHO'S ON NEXT

MARISA SCHIAPARELLI BERENSON, left. Eighteen. Tawny skin, big green eyes, a voice full of smiles. Educated in Paris, England, and Switzerland, where she lives. Skis a lot, paints. Wild about dancing, "mad clothes," a career as a model. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laurence Berenson, she is Schiaparelli's granddaughter; a great-niece of Bernard Berenson. PILAR CRESPI, below. Thirteen. Tall and willowy, lyrically pretty. Goes to school in Rome, studies in four languages. Dreams of a country life with a "gentilhomme compagnard," at least four children. Hates: meals without pasta. Adores: being a girl. Daughter of Count and Countess Rodolfo Crespi.

Here and now— fashion for the youth quake

This is the young look this minute--fashion here and now, never mind tomorrow. *Left:* White lace pinafore on a smidge of blue linen dress. For dinner, for kicks with the lace leggings. Joan Sparks for Alamor, in junior sizes; Irish Looms linen and Samuel Ehrman cotton lace. About $15. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny. *Right, above:* The suit is fine--jump right in. Go no further than house and garden path. Welted red on white by Robert Sloan, in knitted Orlon-and-wool (Alamac fabric). About $35. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Stix, Baer & Fuller. *Far right:* Here-now culottes—new cut-off point on a foggy-blue frilled crêpe dress giving its all to bosom and legs. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in acetate and Avisco rayon (Bloomsburg fabric). About $60. At Henri Bendel; Bramson; Neiman-Marcus. White lace leggings by Beautiful Bryans at Bonwit Teller. Pappagallo white silk slippers. *Right, below:* Belting out the here-now country air —linen pants cut sharp as a whip from hipbone to ankle, woollen pull sucked in low at the waist. Two naturals. Sportwhirl: pants in Irish Looms linen. Pull, about $13; pants, about $18. Calderon belt. All Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, Dayton's.

PENAT











Fashion for the youthquake

Free-wheeling Norfolk jacket and knickers, *left*, in today's Tattersall, scarlet and beige checks taking tradition lightly; flowered red shirt. All by Mr. Mort, in junior sizes; suit in rayon-cotton-silk (Chantilly fabric). About $85. Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. *Far left:* Innocence with the punch of pantaloons—shifty, short, ruffled orange crêpe, taking the easy way out to dinner, the theatre, The Ginger Man. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; acetate-and-rayon. About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans lace leggings. Pappagallo shoes. *Far left, below:* The look-see dress that *is* evening—once over lightly in white jersey spilled past the calf, overlooking the body but not for too long. The necklace, the bracelets: turquoise-green and sapphire-blue scrolls. By Don Sophisticates, in junior sizes: the jersey of textured Acele acetate (Alamac fabric). About $35. At Franklin Simon; Famous-Barr. *Right:* White cotton lace coming on in waves over one terrific surge of evening taffeta, black and ankle-deep. By Caroline Charles; in junior sizes. About $65. Bloomingdale's. Hairpieces: Reid Meredith.

LIVING LEGENDS: FOUR FAMOUS VITAL PEOPLE WHO HAVE LIVED THOROUGHLY INTO TODAY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON

When the old poet in Cocteau's *Orphée* is asked what the new generation thinks of his works, he opens a volume of empty pages—"they respect my silence," he announces. Many young novel readers of Britain have grown old respecting the silence of Edward Morgan Forster, which has now lasted for forty years. Since the publication of *A Passage to India* in 1924, no novel has appeared under his name though he has written criticism, literary and political essays, short stories, a pageant, a biography, a documentary film, and the libretto of a Benjamin Britten opera.

At the age of eighty-six, it may seem unlikely that he is planning to bring his total of full-length fictional works up to six. Yet it is often rumoured that this final book is already complete and lies in the British Museum awaiting his death. Forster told a recent visitor that it was called *The Arctic Summer* without either confirming or denying its presence in the Museum. He went on, "I often read from it to friends. I never could finish it." And added, mysteriously and Forsterianly, "there is no mystery about it."

Yet there *is* something of a mystery shrouding this ancient, lively, stern, almost primadonnish recluse of King's College, Cambridge, who looks, with his sharp features and fuzzy moustache, like one of the kindly, clever river animals from Kenneth Grahame's children's classic, *The Wind in the Willows*.

We sense it in the awe and admiration he arouses in such a wide spectrum of readers from all classes and continents. Perhaps only the authoritarian Philistine and the mass lowbrow are insulated against his magnetic pull. He is the guru of agnostic Jewish intellectuals, the Messiah of Hindu and Moslem mystics, the conscience of liberals, the custodian for traditionalists, the comforter of the displaced middle class, and the inspiration of the classless managerial élite. He is an Edwardian novelist (all but one of his novels were written before 1910), yet his characteristic theme of "the contradictions, paradoxes, and dangers of living the moral life," to use Lionel Trilling's words, seems today to have special relevance to the dilemmas of those young enough to be his grandchildren.

He is claimed by the individualists and exalters of personal relationships on the basis of his much-quoted prayer, uttered as Britain launched total war against Nazi Germany: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." Yet, even in context, this has (Continued on page 168)

EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER, eighty-six this month, is a silent, gentle, bulky man—remarkably unprolific for a writer who has made some of the most brilliant literary incisions of the century. "I thought the book bad," he said of his last and best-known novel, *A Passage to India*, which he almost never finished. (It came out in 1924). The first of his five novels, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, was published in 1905, when he was twenty-six and had just left Cambridge University, where he now lives. Welded with concern to man's "underdeveloped heart," he remains, according to Alan Brien, who wrote this piece, "the laureate of the civilized virtues." Mr. Brien, whose last insights for Vogue were about Joan Littlewood, is "a London critic of drama whom other critics read."

E.M. FORSTER

BY ALAN BRIEN





JEANNE TOUSSAINT

BY CECIL BEATON

Hers is not a household name, but Jeanne Toussaint is known to the few who recognize quality, and who understand where the great influences and talents lie: they appreciate that it is she who, during the last forty years, has been largely responsible for battling in the aesthetic cause, and maintaining the high standard of taste for which Paris remains the undisputed centre of the world.

Mlle. Toussaint brings the authority of a master to every aspect of the art of living. In her apartment, so strangely perfect in its classical restraint, the harmonies of proportion, texture, and colour are balanced. Her rooms are full of inconspicuous notes, but these notes make the rooms. It is only when one begins to look that one is astonished at the minutiae concealed therein. Her collection of master drawings—including Watteau and Fragonard—the abacus around the door of her bedroom, the pale blue-grey clock, the Greek terra-cottas, the smallest Louis XV commode in red lacquer—two feet broad—all these things are uniquely hers, yet no picture is conveyed by a list of her treasures—it is the aesthetic feeling of the finished product that is special.

Perhaps the rare effect is created by the manner in which her possessions are presented, for they seem to be seen for the first time. The very placing—at unexpectedly high or low levels—is done with the wide sweep that is typical of her. Using a Japanese scheme based on angles at which the chairs, tables, and sofas are placed, *nothing* is arranged in a straight line or conventional manner. The result is something you feel and sense, rather than see—like love. You know that it has not been arrived at in a casual manner, but that it is the result of her definitive choice. Her sparse use of flowers is typical: one Renaissance lily will be placed in a Greek amphora on the parquet floor. Much is left to the imagination of the onlooker. Her bed, draped by a spontaneous gesture with a fine silk curtain that is neither French grey, nor blue, nor lilac, nor bird's-egg green, yet is all these colours, becomes a convent pallet, a seat for a philosopher's library, and the *nid d'amour* of Mlle. O'Murphy painted by Boucher. Her taste is the antithesis of interior decorators'. Her rooms are full of conscious mistakes which help to preserve the balance which creates reality.

But it is in connection with the handling of precious stones that Jeanne Toussaint has made her best-known contribution to the field of artistic creation of today.

Jeanne Toussaint was born of humble origins towards the end of the last century. With the nickname of "Ton-Ton," or "The Panther," she became a luminary of that world of fireworks and meteors described so alluringly in the short stories of Colette. Her flair and chic inspired fashionable painters. Drian's Chinese brushes and India ink depicted her in the latest millinery fashions of pre-World War I, and Helleu painted her in a ravishing tonality of café au lait, cocoa, and *vieux rose*. When Jeanne Toussaint became a great friend of Louis Cartier, head of the jewellery firm, her innate understanding of jewellery led to her playing an executive rôle and soon she became the firm's chief designer, a post she has filled for thirty-five years. In fact, it is this little bird-like woman who can be said to have revolutionized jewellery, and to have invented and kept alive the Cartier style, a style that, like that of the dressmaker Chanel, changes and develops slowly with the years rather than from season to season, but always bears wide influence. Mlle. Toussaint continues on an upward gesture that is based on measure and proportion. So great is her influence that we are apt to forget that she is responsible for the jewellery of our day being more flexible and malleable than in any previous civilization; outstanding are her cascades and tassels of diamonds and, under Oriental influence, her jewel-encrusted enamel bracelets of serpents, leopards, and tigers.

In every jewelled piece that she touches, her eye is exact and critical of balance and cutting. She recognizes the stones among a shelf full of diamonds as a farmer knows his sheep. Hers is a masculine (Continued on page 162.)

JEANNE TOUSSAINT is the fragile and forcible *directrice artistique* of Cartier in Paris, where her originality has influenced jewellery all over the world. She began her life in Lorraine in the last century, her work in Paris in this one. Known for the strange and brilliant juxtaposition of her gem stones, for her precious beasts and bugs, for tasselled diamonds, "supple as the beads of a rosary," Mlle. Toussaint began putting her fantasies to work in the twenties. "Although her touch is light, her gift springs from an unswerving, granite-hard instinct . . . an extraordinary independence," said Cecil Beaton, who wrote this article about her. His latest book is, of course, *Fair Lady*—about another.



Let me say at once that I hadn't the foggiest idea who Edward Gordon Craig was when I met him in 1952. The first time I saw Craig he was sitting in the sun at a café table on the square in Vence, playing patience. He wore, as was his habit, a white linen suit, the jacket tumbling to his knees, and a floppy-brimmed straw hat. My friend Jean-Luc introduced me. "Are you an artist?" Craig demanded immediately.

"Well," I said, fumbling, "I'm trying to write. I—"

"*Good*. I'm working on my memoirs."

A British publisher had commissioned the work, but Craig was now on his third manuscript volume and had not yet reached the literary age of nineteen. The publisher, alarmed, had offered to buy all Craig's personal papers and commission somebody else to write the biography. "But would you let them have Isadora's love letters?" he asked me.

Isadora, I grasped, was Isadora Duncan. Before I could reply, a man just returned from Vallauris came to the table. He brought regards from Picasso.

"I *should* visit him," Craig said. "It would be very good publicity for me to have my picture taken with him now. Have you a car?"

"Sorry," I said.

Suddenly Craig slammed his cane across the table, a startling gesture, and indicated the initials "H.I." engraved on the gold band round the top. "This was the master's," he said. "Irving always had them imported. South American malacca."

We called for another round of beer.

"A young man was here yesterday to take pictures of me," Craig said. Then he paused, his eyes narrowed, and he studied the length of his cane. Just as he felt our attention had begun to wander, he leaned forward, a conspirator, and added, "He says he's my son."

I looked astonished. Obviously, this pleased Craig enormously. He smiled. "I don't think he's my son," he said. "Pity you haven't got a car."

Craig asked me, as I was a writer, if I could please explain why so many people came to take photographs of him and none was ever published. I couldn't tell him they were being held for his obituary notices. "I really don't know," I said.

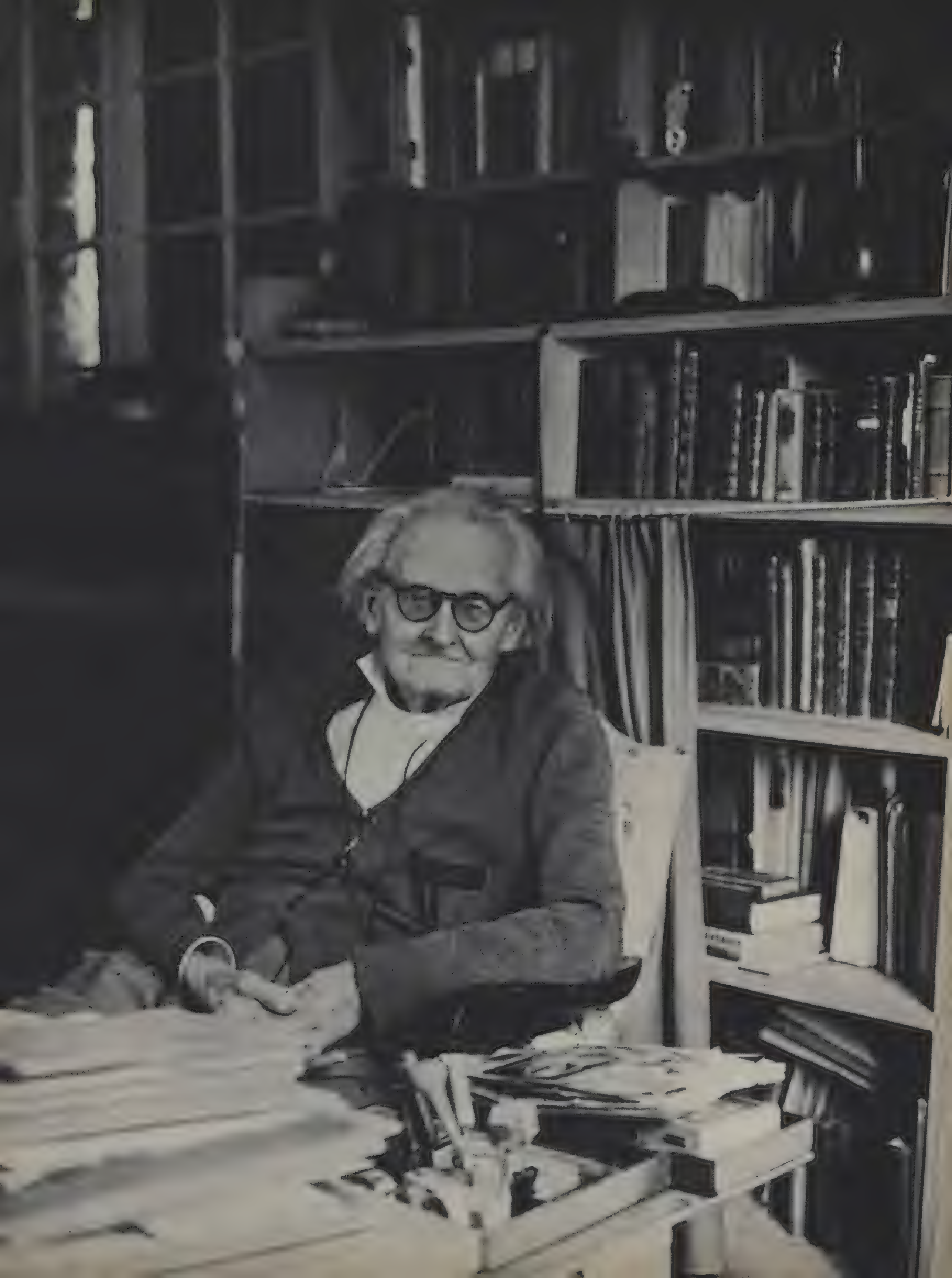
Jean-Luc and I lived in Tourrettes-sur-loup, some four miles further up the winding mountain road, and we started back together, cutting through the hot, dusty olive groves. Jean-Luc, a playwright himself, told me that Craig was a theatrical genius. A neglected genius. He had begun his career as an actor in Henry Irving's (Continued on page 155)

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, *opposite,* one of the great theatrical wizards of this century, who will be ninety-three this month, began in London, in the last century, as an actor, and went on to master every phase of the theatre until, like Max Reinhardt and Stanislavsky, he became one of the first "total artists" of the modern theatre. His first book, *The Art of the Theatre,* spilled over with revolutionary ideas, angered many, and was published in five languages. Under his influence as a scene designer, the theatre, first in Europe, then in America, began to shift emphasis from a rococo peep show to what Craig once called "a noble artificiality." Born in England (his mother was the great actress, Ellen Terry), he now lives in France, where Mordecai Richler, who wrote this piece, met him. A rising Canadian novelist and satirist, Mr. Richler, who lives in England, recently published a fifth novel, which echoes his literary attitude: *Stick Your Neck Out.*

GORDON CRAIG

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

CECIL BEATON







PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF

BY EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX

"*Bonjour*, Prince."

He is very tall, very thin, very handsome. His house small—very small. The tiny courtyard is full of flowers. He has walked briskly to meet me and opens the outer gate himself, a heavy, rather forbidding black grille that bears a sign: BEWARE OF DOG.

"Please come in. You are most welcome."

No greeting could be more cordial. No man could seem more friendly, be more elegant than he. But, because one never knows, I ask, "You are Prince Felix Youssoupoff?"

"Of course I am," he answers. "Does that surprise you?"

Both our voices tremble a little, although for different reasons. His because of age; he was born in 1887 in a palace on the Moïka Canal in St. Petersburg, and a sequence of vicissitudes has marked his long life. Mine because of tension. One knows quite well what it means to knock at the door of Prince Youssoupoff. One knocks thinking, "The man I am calling on killed Rasputin. . . . The hand I am shaking once upon a time raised a revolver, aimed, fired. . . . The voice I am hearing, that I find so warm and kind, so serene—this very same voice one long-ago December night spoke terrible words:

"Gregory Efimovitch, you would do well to look at this crucifix and say a prayer."

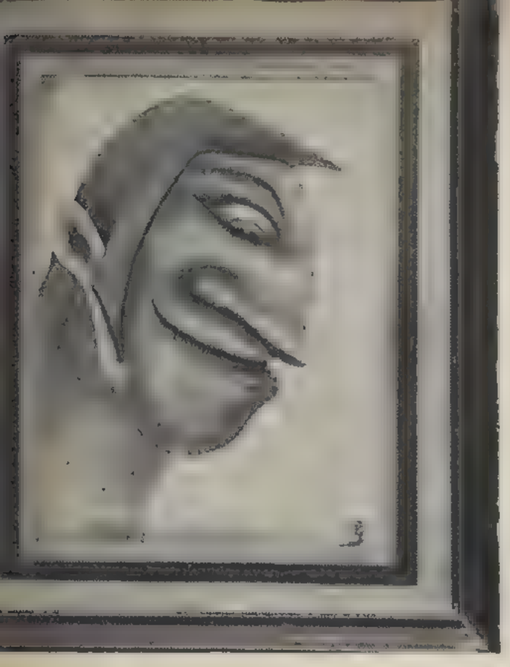
Assuredly his voice did not tremble then: Felix Youssoupoff was twenty-nine. It was 1916, in the cellar of that same palace on the Moïka where he had been born. Youssoupoff was about to kill the man he believed responsible for the failings of his Czar and the bankruptcy of a dynasty. Rasputin was a spy, he was convinced of this, in the employ of Germany, a fiend who corrupted everything he touched, Satan himself in the guise of a monk. After cyanide poisoning and three shots, there on the ground, like a smashed puppet, lay the man whom intimates of the Czarina took for a saint. . . . [Later Rasputin was thrown in the river where he actually died by drowning, according to Prince Youssoupoff's autobiography, *Lost Splendour*.]

This, obviously, is what one is thinking as one walks into Felix Youssoupoff's house. This, and only this. And he knows it. And so it has been for forty-eight years. For half a century he has worn this awkward badge in the eyes of everyone who approached him. He's had enough of it —one senses that, too. So, as we step across the threshold of his house, I say to him:

"I have a proposition to make to you, Prince Youssoupoff."

Curiosity sparkles in his eyes, and suddenly he looks fifteen years younger. His voice brightens almost boyishly and laughter lurks behind his question: "And (Continued on page 156)

PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF, now seventy-seven, has made his life into a fantastic adventure that began in Russia under the czars and is continuing with zest and vigour in France. One of those rare people who can turn living into an art, he has always been a rather enigmatic extrovert with, as a young man, a quality of heroism, of unpredictability, of a certain mysterious attractiveness. "He was one of the most beautiful men in Europe," said Sir Francis Rose, thinking perhaps of the photograph of Prince Youssoupoff, shown on the following page. The son of one of the richest men in Russia, he was a close friend of the Czar Nicholas II and his Czarina. In those days he brought to life in St. Petersburg, Paris, London, even Oxford, a sense of the exotic, a marvellous young brilliance. That young brilliance has gone but not the dignity and the powerful charm of the last of the Youssoupoffs of Imperial Russia, a charm that infuses this article about him by Edmonde Charles-Roux, who is not only the Editor-in-Chief of French Vogue but also the author of the fascinating biography, *Don Juan d'Autriche: Conquérant Solitaire.*







PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF AND MEMORABILIA OF AN EXTRAVAGANT, EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WITH TEN GROTESQUES BY HIM





PORTRAIT OF PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, YOUNG, DASHING, IN HIS BOYAR COSTUME FOR A GREAT COURT BALL

In the dining room of Prince Youssoupoff's Paris house hangs a fantastic collection of visionary drawings, reproduced for the first time here. They were all painted in a charming small house on Corsica in 1929. Prince Youssoupoff explained how and why he did them this way: "I was taken at that time with an irresistible desire to draw. Until then it was my wife, Irina, who drew with much talent and imagination figures out of a dream; faces with immense eyes that seemed to belong to an unknown world. It is unquestionable that I began my drawings under the influence of my wife's work. I gave myself up to painting as if under a spell. But what I created were visions from a nightmare rather than creatures from a dream. I, who loved only beauty in all its forms, could create only monsters. One might have said that a maleficent power, hidden in me, tried to express itself and guided my hand.

"My work was accomplished, in a way, outside of myself. I never knew what I was going to do. What I did always turned out to be grotesques or deformed creatures related to those who haunted the imaginations of certain artists in the Middle Ages. One day I stopped drawing as suddenly as I had started. The last drawing might have been a portrait of Satan.

"All the professionals to whom I have shown these bizarre works have been astonished at the technique which, they said, could normally have been attained only after years of study. Before this period of frenetic production I had never held a pencil or a brush in my hand. Since that short period I have not only lost the taste for drawing but the desire. To save my life, I could not do it again."

PARIS LIVING ROOM WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY.



BRUCE DAVIDSON

THE YELLOW YOUSSOUPOFF PALACE, IN ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE RASPUTIN WAS POISONED AND SHOT.

THE COMPULSORY SEX SCENE

Looking through the press-cuttings of my husband's recent novel, *Corridors of Power*, I found to my stupefaction that he had been taken to task by two women reviewers for failing to include the Big Sex Scene. Apart from the fact that their literary instincts seemed to me fragile, since the Big Sex Scene in his work would seem as inappropriate as in Jane Austen's, this did stimulate me to wonder why this virtually compulsory factor has more or less become a cliché of our time.

Let me say at once, with the maximum of bad taste, but with the pure necessity, in this context, of putting cards on the table, that I am not an undersexed person and that in this respect my life has run a relatively respectable but happy course. This being so, I do not wish to find in almost every novel I pick up a clinical description of what is known to me already. It seems to me as tedious as if every book which had a reception we ridiculously call "serious" were obliged to contain a detailed description of how to cope with a boiled egg at breakfast.

Let me try, if I can, to attempt some analysis of the Compulsory Sex trend. I should say at once that it is not an aesthetic necessity. The novel which immediately occurs to me as most permeated with sexual passion in *Anna Karenina.* And Tolstoy found no need to offer a consulting-room description of Anna and Vronsky in bed. It is true to say that it was not the custom of the time to do so; but had it been, Tolstoy must have regarded such a description as supererogatory. He was both a great writer and a man of taste.

The first reason for the Compulsory Sex Scene is, of course, legal permission to introduce it. If it were decided by a court of law tomorrow morning that every citizen had the right to hurl a stone through the window, there would, believe me, not be one window intact, between the first and third storeys, along the entire length of Fifth Avenue by 10:30 tomorrow night.

Stone-throwing is easy. Precise physical description is also easy: it is, to use an antiquated phrase of the British air force in the second world war, a "piece of cake."

But there is more to all this than permission, though that is the A which leads to Z—if, of course, a Z exists, which in more pessimistic moments I am inclined to doubt.

For instance, homosexuality has been made a legitimate subject for literature: that is, the factual description of the various processes. For the permission is older than this. Shakespeare's Thersites minced no words about Achilles and Patroclus: Balzac no words—or not many—about Vautrin and the *tantes* of the work camps. It is right that this should be so: a writer should be free to deal with any subject he pleases. But it is sad for him when he has to deal with it clinically, blow by blow, as it were; he is no better off than the schoolboy required to write an essay on "How I Spent My Summer Holidays."

Licence is, of course, fun for the licencee. Yet, in a novel by a much praised youngish English writer, I came upon a scene, between two men, that I would have described as enough to make a cat sick, had not experience assured me that cats can be sick with some facility.

Still, we are far from the truth of "Why." I am quite willing now to make a practical proposition.

The Compulsory Sex Scene has an appeal to two classes of persons: (1.) Youthful virgins of both sexes, who use books containing this as works of instruction, on the lines of McGuffey's Reader. The Bible is oblique. Shakespeare, being a genius of a kind we have never encountered before and may, I suspect, never encounter again so long as the world lasts, was much too clever to spell the whole thing out, except in the charming metaphors of "Venus and Adonis." A sizeable section of our teen-agers—yours perhaps, ours certainly—have more money in their pockets than any young people have had previously in the whole of history. Despite their pretensions of experience, a good many of them hanker after the textbooks of sex. Therefore, the Compulsory Sex Scene is doubtless, without any conscious intention on the novelist's part, shoved in for their benefit.

Now these young persons have left school early (again, I base my judgment on Great Britain). They have left at fifteen

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pamela Hansford Johnson, a brisk, amusing, small woman, ready for an argument, has written some twenty books, most of them good novels. In addition, she is the wife of the equally argumentative but more famous novelist, C. P. Snow, whose latest book is* Corridors of Power. *Sir Charles, who has recently been made Lord Snow of Leicester, now has additional power, for he is Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Technology in the British Labour Government.*

years of age, and gone into well-paid, dead-end jobs. Is it unfair for me to suggest that they are not among the most intellectually accomplished of their generation? They do read books (thank God). But when they do, far too many of them demand, in pretty simplified form, either the Compulsory Sex Scene (Chapter Two?) or Sex-plus-Cruelty—which is far worse. And they buy paperbacks which satisfy these needs.

Class 2. Persons whose sex life is over. Fair enough. Vicarious experience is better than no experience at all. I sympathize. I am on their side.

But between these groups, the green half-children and the elderly defeated, is an enormous class of readership obviously acceptant of a literature which contains, almost inevitably, the scene which I should prefer to characterize as the Great Bore.

I am deliberately avoiding here discussion of the literature of Cruelty, which is almost invariably Sex-plus-Cruelty, because, with the murder of six million human beings in our minds (whether they are Jews or not is basically irrelevant), all of us are aware that most men and women need considerable training, moral and intellectual, to stop them from indulging in the nastier sides of their natures. I have a nasty side. So have you.

What does worry me is the very large reading public of mature persons who wish to have spelled out for them, either in heterosexual or homosexual terms, the sexual experience. Don't they *know?* Have we, all unbeknown to us, millions of virgins between twenty-five and forty-five (a miserable limit, but one has to set something of the sort) who really need a McGuffey's Reader of Elementary Sex? Or perhaps there are millions for whom the sex life has been unsatisfactory and are seeking for some magic formula to put matters right?

I read, with a delight and respect impossible for me to convey, Dostoevsky, Proust, Balzac. (All these are writers for whom the sexual experience was of *overt* importance.) Would my enjoyment be heightened if all three had spelled out for me the normal and supranormal experiences of Bed? If, for instance, they had all inserted a Chapter Two?

The answer is, that I should have suspected them of sucking-up to an inexperienced or simple-minded public. And they were not writing for the simple-minded.

At this point, I am going to be misunderstood if I don't make a very forceful attempt not to be. The "Nighttown" scenes in *Ulysses* are, in literary terms, legitimate. They give us an account of an ambience which may be perfectly familiar to you (though I must say I doubt it) but isn't to me. Proust's Baron de Charlus, chained to a bedstead and beaten up by soft-hearted young men who madden him because they can't even pretend to be brutal apaches, offers us, not pity and terror at all, but pity and sympathetic hilarity. But the Compulsory Sex Scene (no names, no packdrill) in which the norm of sexual intercourse, which, let us remember, is responsible for the existence of us all, seems to me not only boring, but infinitely silly.

Here I should say that I am not interested in the use or disuse of "four-letter words." When poor old Mellors was first given licence to utter, the adolescents of my part of the world went around for about a month bellowing these lovely newnesses in the streets in the course of general conversation, with all the touching euphoria of youngsters of an earlier generation who had just been given the key of the door. This, however, rapidly lost its charm. Any word stales by constant repetition, which is why slang so quickly becomes obsolete. No, this is a dull and an unimportant matter. But the demand that every novel shall have its Compulsory Sex Scene is not.

In fact, literature is threatened by a terrible form of *chic.* If you throw in the Sex Scene, you are "with it." (If not, not.) But "with it" begs the question. With what? With whom? Hopeful adolescents who have thumbed their Bibles in vain? Elderly nostalgic persons whose vigorous years are over? (I like them. I sympathize. It comes to us all, as death does.)

But for the rest, good God! The Compulsory Sex Scene has a vulgarity as profound as that of a plastic statuette of a roseate nude in an Ascot hat at least fifteen years out of date, leading a beige Borzoi.

Want to buy it?

BY PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

HERE COMES THE SUN

And sun-clothes, and sun-places. All coming alive together now and sending out a gay young message that's irresistible to anyone with a spark of sun-sense. Worth going to the sunniest ends of the earth to wear, are the enchanting new sun-smocks—made like children's dresses with long sleeves, real smocking, in pale tender colours, small prints; one earth-end for these could be Skhirat, a new sun-find halfway between Rabat and Casa, in Morocco. . . . Dry-off suits—close as wearing skin and worn over nothing but the most bewitching, sun-soaked, gilded-satin skin—for after swimming at the Lyford Cay Club in Nassau, perhaps. . . . To collect now for Honolulu, Tucson, Trinidad: bathing suits with gloriously natural shapes. . . . White—the most natural, and so the greatest, colour under the sun now—for a sun-spot like Cheeca Lodge at Islamorada in the Florida Keys, where walls are white, roofs a blaze of blue. Chalk-white lace, never sunnier, is around now in all hours of surprise shapes: A bathing suit like a miniature tutu with a pink sash, adorable bounce. Close white lace britches and a ruffled tunic for a day's party hours near the sea. A crisp short shift under a cage of lace daisies, to wear with naked sandals for late day. A fisherman's shirt and pyjama pants of white lace, for dinner at home in Palm Beach. . . . Also white and charming after swimming anywhere: the amusing see-through fantasies of shifts with cookie-cutter cutouts or Swiss-cheese holes, jumpsuits of fishnet. Through these show white bikinis and—skin that's taut, gleaming, bronze. For more on this subject, read on below.

FIRST FASHION FOR SUN: A BEAUTIFUL BODY—TANNED, GLEAMING

The girl in the shallows, opposite, knows where to get her salt water and sun, and how to get where they are: here, in one of the enticing little coves, like private swimming pools, along the beach of Tobago—an easy BWIA-hop from Trinidad. Dressed in what could be her first suntan of the season, she knows these valuable facts: that salt water—lapping away at her firm young body—buoys, balms, freshens the spirits, gives health and beauty benefits by the bucketful; that, for anyone who suntans easily, a suntan encourager steps up the results; that a *bronze*-tinted suntan encourager gives a whole new colour to the first beach day. One sun-urging jelly imbued with tint is Bronze Lustre by Revlon; besides speeding a suntan, it also moisturizes, prevents dryness, clings even closer than salt water which, by the way, won't wash it off.

NORMAN PARKINSON



HERE COMES THE SUN

SOFT FOLDS OF BROWN

Left: Brown and sky-blue jersey on satiny suntanned skin. The top draped as fluidly as an evening dress and shaped inside by the gentlest little jersey bandeau. Bared to the waist in back and sleeked over the hips. By Elisabeth Stewart. $28. Of Antron nylon matte jersey. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. To wear with sun: Bikini Sun Tan Cream by Helena Rubinstein.

BRIGHT FOLDS OF PINK

Right: Shimmer of bright pink drapery on a maillot that gleams in the sun with softly drawn folds crossed to a deep V in front above a sashed waist, smooth narrow hips. By Catalina. Of Antron nylon. $25. At Henri Bendel; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin.

HORST



HERE COME THE CUTOUTS

WHITE FISHNET JUMPSUIT Skin and sun, meeting under cover—the idea of the beach-looks here. *Opposite:* A jumpsuit of white fishnet with high neck, long sleeves, wading-length pants, worn over a bikini of white Dacron-and-cotton duck covered in fishnet. Jumpsuit of Samuel Ehrman cotton; about $35. Bikini top, about $12; shorts, about $13. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Burdine's; Sakowitz. Showing through the fishnet could be the glowing benefits of Sun Souci suntan fluff by Estée Lauder. History of this: she took a skin-healing formula, added fragrance, came up with her Body Satinée; to this, she added a sunscreen—which all adds up to Sun Souci. Recommended for the sun-sensitive—use it on the skin several weeks before going out to sun.

WHITE DUCK, COOKIE-CUTTER CUTOUTS *This page:* See-through covering—a short beach dress of white duck shaped like a slim little sail, with a scattering of cutouts. (Through these portals should show the sleekest, sunniest skin in the world.) Beach dress of Dacron and cotton; about $25 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny; Godchaux's. Beach looks here, for Robert Sloan, designed by Sylvia de Gay, from her Danish-inspired collection.



HORST

HERE COMES THE PULL

LACED TERRY-CLOTH SOCCER SHIRT Long-sleeved white terry cloth slashed to the waist and laced like a marvellously sexy soccer shirt over white short shorts. Both: White Stag. Of cotton terry cloth. Soccer-shirt about $8. Shorts about $5. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Bullock's, Santa Ana. Coiffure: Alex of Garrison-Ramon.

KNITTED PULL IN THE SWIM *Left:* Cream-coloured bathing suit in two parts—a ribbed and cabled pull slipping to the hips like a sweater over its own maillot trunks. By Sea B's. Of knitted Acrilan. About $23. At Franklin Simon; Roos-Atkins. Straw hat by Mr. John.

Below: A bright, bubbled pink pull **OVER-THE-SUIT PULL**—V-necked and lean as a sweater—drawn low on the hips over a two piece bathing suit in the same fabric. Both by Jantzen. Pull of Ban-Lon stretch nylon and Antron, $11. Suit of Ban-Lon stretch nylon, Antron, Lycra, $18. Best & Co.; Dayton's. Hat by Mr. John.

HORST

HERE COMES THE SMOCK

SHORT WHITE PIQUE *This page:* White cotton piqué like a child's painting smock, worn very short. With a crisp little Peter Pan collar, banded sleeves cut in one with the yoked bodice and two big patch pockets in front. By Ellen Brooke. Of Royal Woolens fabric. About $110. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin.

DOTTED SWISS SMOCK *Opposite page:* An adorable little white dotted-Swiss cotton smock on a Southern tack over suntanned legs and bare feet. With a high gathered yoke, bands of tiny embroidered blue flowers edging the sleeves. Designed for Robert Sloan by Sylvia de Gay from her Danish inspired collection. About $30. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's; Frost Bros. Both pages, hair combed by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

HORST





HERE COMES THE SMOCKED

SUN SMOCK, A RUSH OF FLOWERS *Left:* The smock-shape like a madeleine that sun-places will see a lot of this season—very short, snug at the shoulders, with long school-uniform sleeves, real smocking at the high yoke. Here, this idea in pastel flowers with a deep yoke of smocking. By Dorothy Cox for Tanner, of Kodel and cotton (Everfast fabric with Everglaze crease resistance); about $35 at Rosette Pennington; Hutzler's; Woolf Brothers.

Near right: A narrow little white **LEAN WHITE LINEN, BROWN SMOCKING** linen shape with baby-collar, long sleeves, bands of brown smocking across the yoke. The length that looks right under this year's sun: about five inches above the knee. By Sportwhirl; about $26 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

TINY HEARTS CRISPED WITH LINEN *Far right:* One of the charming small-prints the sun is coming to now—little white hearts on a turquoise cotton smock with a rounded detachable white linen collar. Slight fullness falls from the smocked yoke; deep patch pockets; back buttons. By Craig Casuals, in junior sizes; of Tiger fabric. About $20 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin.

Below right: Cool and airy, a soft **THE SOFT SMOCK, GINGHAM CHECKS** smock of green and white checks with a no-collar neck, pale-blue smocking at the yoke and cuffs. By Craig Casuals, of Dacron and Avron (Crown fabric); in junior sizes. About $25 at Lord & Taylor. All hair here, combed by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

HORST

SMOCK



WHITE LACE TUTU *This page:* Starchy little high-waisted bathing suit, fluffed like a baby tutu of white lace attached to a minute white maillot. Designed by Bill Blass for Roxanne. Of French cotton-and-nylon lace. Maillot of Helanca nylon. About $75. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Miami.

RUFFLED LACE BRITCHES *Opposite page:* Tiers of white cotton Chantilly lace misted over a gloriously tanned body—wide ruffled swing of tunic to the hips, over snug little britches frilled out above pretty knees. Both pages photographed in Tobago, where walls are open to breezes and the sea lies calm as a limitless swimming pool. The costume by Roban. About $125. Hoop earrings by K.J.L. All at Henri Bendel. Costume also at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes at I. Miller.



NORMAN PARKINSON

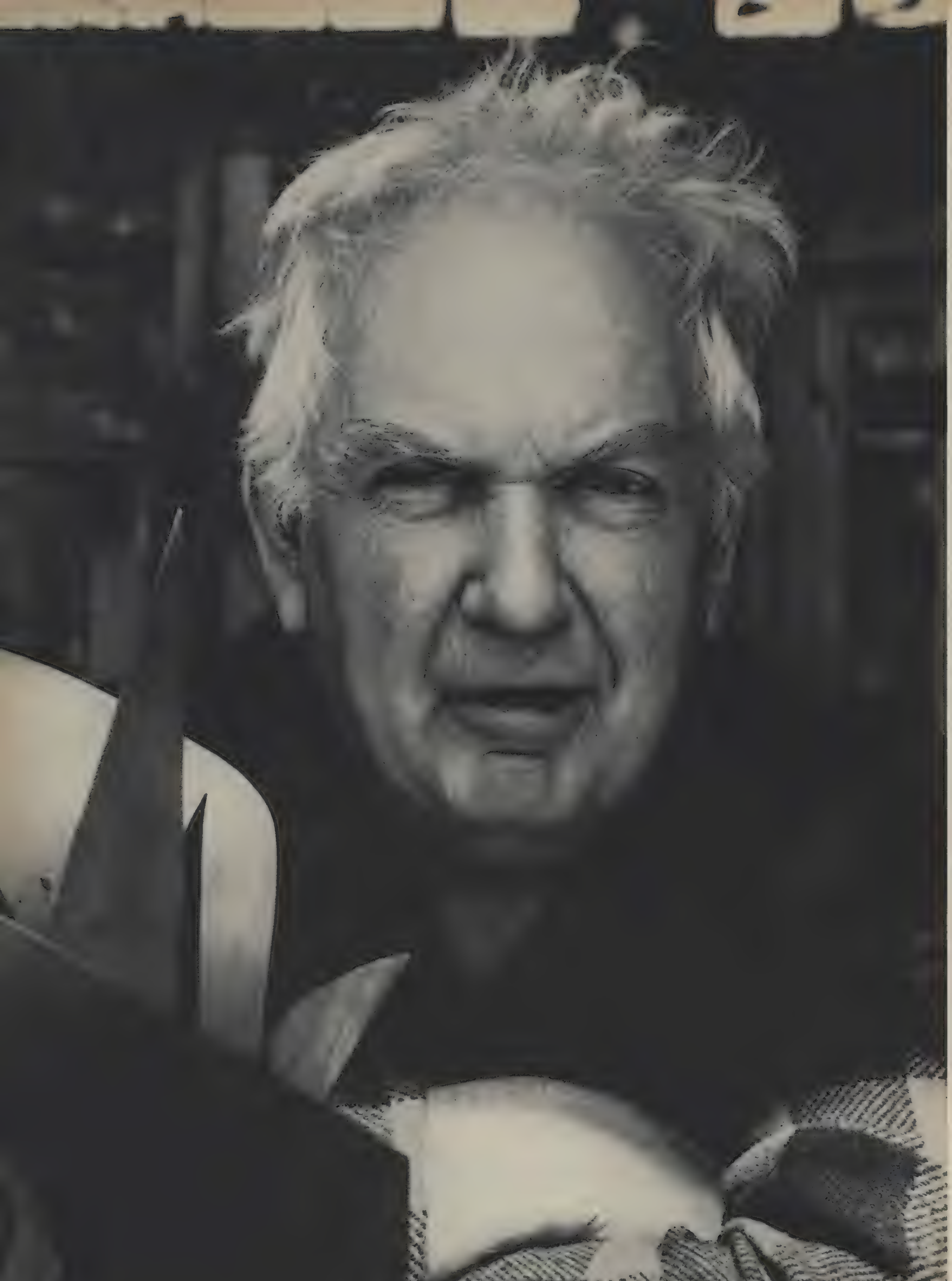
HERE COMES LACE



HERE COMES LACE

CAGE OF WHITE DAISIES *Opposite page:* A wide sweep of giant white lace daisies from shoulder to top-of-the knee. It's drifted on over a dress that's the merest skim of white crêpe and as filled with sunshine and air as starched curtains in a bright window. Costume by Junior Sophisticates. About $60. Of cotton (American Fabrics). Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. K.J.L. earrings. *Right:* White linen and broad bands of open embroidery **SUN-PIERCED WHITE LINEN** slicked into a cover-up that begins with a sleeveless deeply-opened overblouse and finishes with stovepipe trousers. Both pages photographed in Tobago against walls pierced with sunlight and dappled shadows. Costume by Ellen Brooke. Overblouse about $75. Pants about $85. Of Moygashel linen. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. White beaded hoop earrings by Zentall. Sandals, both pages: I. Miller.

NORMAN PARKINSON



ALEXANDER CALDER
A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

A giant of a man with silvery hair, Alexander Calder wears red shirts, loves to eat, to drink wine, and to laugh. Known as Sandy to his countless friends, he lives in Connecticut with his wife, Louisa, in a black clapboard house filled with ingenious, individualistic, and marvellous Calderiana. In the wooded garden, one meets an assembly of strangers, a nun, a knight, a couple—silent, sometimes still, sometimes moving. They are the mobiles and stabiles of Alexander Calder.

Sandy Calder's kitchen is the den of a witty blacksmith. The room is rather dark, the light from the window diffused through a fish made of pieces of coloured glass in metal frames. Corpulent and black, the 1900 stove stands beside an array of curiously shaped pots and pans. Forks, spoons, the toaster, and colander were all handwrought by the sculptor. Even the wire knifeholder has his easily recognizable twist. The Calder kitchen is almost a Calder show.

"I like to make the objects I use every day," said Sandy Calder. "This tray, for instance, is a flattened gallon olive-oil tin. I call it 'Grand pop art.' "

From the vast collection of wines in the Calder house—straw-covered jugs of Chianti, demijohns of California red, stacks of Beaujolais—we were served goblets of fresh fizzy Neuchâtel poured from chilled bottles. "I love wine," said Sandy Calder. "At our house in France in the Loire Valley, I buy Chinon and Bourgueil in vats. To economize on corks, we syphon it off into magnums.

"Occasionally I do the cooking, especially my specialty, which I call *oeufs à l'Espagnol*—fried eggs with masses of mashed garlic. To crush the garlic, I made a mortar and pestle of maple that works beautifully. But Louisa is really the *grand chef* of the house. She has even been known to save dishes doomed to failure."

"It only happened once," Louisa Calder said. "I had prepared a huge casserole of lima beans in cream for a party. While entertaining a few early arrivals, I completely forgot the dish simmering on the stove. By the time all the friends arrived and it was time for dinner, I discovered to my horror that the beans had burned. Suddenly, remembering an Indian recipe for lentils, I poured in lots of curry powder to disguise the scorched taste. To my surprise, it was delicious!"

A handsome Bostonian, the grandniece of Henry and William James, Louisa Calder likes to cook independently. "I dislike people trying to help me in my kitchen," she said. "I have my own ways, my rhythm. The stove—it was the first thing we bought for this house—is marvellous for baking bread, which I like doing. It gives me a peculiar feeling of contentment."

The big cosy kitchen is the pivotal point of the house, where the Calders eat at a solid, coarse-grained wooden table brought from France; sit around the open fireplace, and often entertain. Always in readiness are a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and a hunk of cheese to greet the visitor.

"Sandy is very easy to please," said Louisa Calder. "He likes everything: exotic food, simple food, eccentric food. Whatever country we go to, he tries all the native dishes."

"I don't like everything at all," protested Sandy Calder. "Barbecues bore me. I can't endure *blanquette* of veal; it is too white. Tripe and everything gluey are an anathema to me, especially that ghastly octagonal green stuff that grows in the South."

"He means okra," said Louisa Calder.

"Everything strong and rich; that's what I like," said Sandy Calder. "Curries, couscous, and that spiced paste of basil and garlic that goes into the Provençal soup, Pistou.

"In Paris, I often go to the Restaurant des Saints-Pères where the hors d'oeuvres and compotes laid out on the counter make my stomach jump for joy. I usually order the beef stew of Chef Linot with a bottle of Beaujolais. Another place I like is the Ancien Trocadéro opposite the Palais de Chaillot, which has one of my favourite terraces. I do miss terraces in New York." (Continued on next page)

The first fame of Alexander Calder rests on his genius as a sculptor, on his phenomenal influence on other sculptors all over the world, on his happy invention of light-winged mobiles that sway with no more than a breath. (His colours are white, red, and black.) Now, the range of his work is in the main a joyous exhibition filling New York's Guggenheim Museum before travelling to other museums in this country. In the centre of the Guggenheim rotunda stands a big black sheet-metal stabile, twenty-two feet tall, called "Guillotine for Eight"; from the dome there hangs a thirty-five-foot white mobile called "Ghost," its flexible leaves fluttering. While the mobile is young and playful, the stabile is frightening. They show the gamut of this fascinating retrospective that begins with early drawings and continues through wire sculpture, jewellery, toys, motorized constructions, and colour lithographs to more stabiles, more mobiles, and some stabile-mobiles. A man of humour, Calder at sixty-six is like a flourish of trumpets, uproarious, pleasurable, and finally, serious.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

The mention of Paris reminded us of a party given for a friend we all knew and liked immensely, the sculptor, Henri Laurens. After he was not awarded the 1950 Venice Biennale prize for sculpture—which his friends thought he should have won—he was given a huge consolation party. It was arranged by the painter, Bazaine, and the restaurateur and art collector, Camille Renault, for more than two hundred friends of Laurens, including Georges Braque, Miró, Léger, Giacometti, Le Corbusier, Kahnweiler, and many other painters, sculptors, musicians, and poets. After dinner, Sandy Calder led the dancing, whirling like a great red devil about the banquet hall until dawn.

"I couldn't help wondering which sculptor was being given a consolation party after I won a sculpture prize at the Venice Biennale in 1952," said Sandy Calder.

Here, three recipes from the Calder collection:





Curried lentils
for six to eight people

1 pound lentils
2 medium onions, unpeeled
1 small carrot
1 bay leaf
1 generous tablespoon curry powder, or to taste
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Put the well-washed lentils and vegetables in a saucepan with enough water to cover along with the bay leaf. Cover and simmer gently for 45 minutes, if quick-cooking lentils are used. If not, cook until soft but not mushy, adding water if needed. When done, remove the bay leaf, onions, and carrot. Season with salt and curry powder to taste and add the lemon juice.

Fried vegetables such as eggplant, chopped onions, peeled and seeded tomatoes, cauliflower flowerets, may be added to the cooked lentils before serving.

Pistou soup
for six to eight people

2 cups potatoes, diced
2 cups green beans, diced
2 cups tomatoes, peeled and quartered
½ pound vermicelli
8 cups water
Salt and pepper

Pistou

3 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons fresh basil, chopped. or 1 tablespoon dried basil
1 tablespoon tomato paste
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, freshly grated

Put the vegetables in a soup kettle of boiling water and simmer 45 minutes. Add the vermicelli and cook about 15 minutes more or until the green beans are cooked. Season with pepper and a little salt. The soup must be very thick.

Make the *Pistou* while the soup is cooking by crushing with a wooden spoon the garlic, the basil, grated cheese, and tomato paste directly in a large soup tureen. Dribble in the olive oil, stirring with the spoon until the sauce has the consistency of mayonnaise. When the soup is done, add a few spoonsful of the broth to the *Pistou;* add remaining soup, correct seasoning if necessary and serve with toasted slices of French bread.

Beef stew des Saints-Pères
for four people

2 pounds beef, cut into pieces
1 or 2 tablespoons of lard
¾ cup flour
2 tablespoons paprika
Salt and pepper
1 pound onions, chopped
3 to 4 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons tomato paste, diluted in a little water
Bouquet garni
Red wine
6 lumps sugar

Heat the lard in a skillet, brown the meat on all sides, sprinkle with paprika and flour, mix well. Transfer to a stewing pan, add the other ingredients, and cover with red wine and water (¾ wine to ¼ water). Add sugar. Cover the pan and cook in a moderate, 350°, oven until tender, about 3 hours.



Gordon Craig

(Continued from page 128)

Lyceum Theatre in 1889. When he was still young and unknown, W. B. Yeats used to come to see him in his room off the Euston Road. In 1904 he prepared designs for plays and masques for the Lessing Theatre in Berlin. Later he worked with Eleonora Duse and Isadora Duncan. At a public dinner given in his honour in London in 1911, by which time Craig was an acknowledged leader in the European theatre, celebrated for his theory (*The Art of the Theatre,* 1905; *On the Art of the Theatre,* 1911) as well as his revoluntionary designs, W. B. Yeats said, "A great age is an age which employs its men of genius; a poor age is an age which has no use for them. This age finds it difficult to employ men of genius like Mr. Craig." Craig first went to Russia in 1905, where he met Stanislavsky and Fokine. He returned to Russia in 1910, at the invitation of Stanislavsky, to design a production of *Hamlet.*

Craig had promised to visit us that night. He had a friend in Tourrettes, a Colonel Hiller.

The mediaeval village of Tourrettes-sur-loup, jutting natural as rock over a bony ravine, is in the foothills of the Alpes-Maritimes behind Nice. Our gritty little colony of foreigners there, in 1952, included Jean-Luc and his mistress; an ambitious Australian potter, his wife and child; a Viennese abstract painter; a would-be novelist from Texas who, to the unending delight of the boule players, was given to strolling across the village square in cowboy boots; and in the villas strewn over the surrounding hills some twenties' flotsam, a wash of retired British army and colonial service officers who spluttered into Tourrettes once a week in ancient cars to have their wine casks refilled.

Craig, to our surprise, arrived on the six-fifteen bus. He looked around, briefly puzzled, a white rug slung over his shoulder. Then, recognizing us at a café table on the square, he waved his arms triumphantly, hooted, and scampered over to join us. He was eighty years old then. His mother, Ellen Terry, had died at the age of eighty-one, and Craig believed he was doomed to follow her. "She appeared at the foot of my bed in a dream last night," he said. "She often does, you know."

We asked him about his trip to Russia after the revolution.

"They're the most shocking prudes, you know. They were scandalized because my secretary was pregnant." He told us that the best *King Lear* he had ever seen had been performed by the Habima in Moscow. "The authorities wanted me to say theatre had improved since the revolution, but they couldn't trick me. . . ."

It soon became obvious that Craig's world was filled with two sorts of people: artists and non-artists. The artists, ourselves included, were an adorable band of gypsies united against bad taste, though always willing to accept the protection of any politician or tycoon, be they fascist, communist, or what have you.

Craig talked endlessly, demonstratively impatient, even rude, when any of the others at the table even touched briefly on a subject that did not include him. He told us that when he had been living in Florence, where, from 1908 to 1929, he had edited, published and, under various pseudonyms, written *The Mask,* Mussolini had summoned him to an interview. Craig had assumed the dictator was going to build him a theatre and elaborated on the sort he had wanted.

"But what did you think of Mussolini?" I interrupted.

"He had the most wonderful sense of theatre," Craig said.

He went on to describe, acting out both parts, how he had entered Mussolini's office and had seen him sitting behind an enormous desk at the end of a wide sweep of marble floor. Craig had approached, books under his arm, conscious of his footsteps resounding on the marble, the dictator's glare, and the humiliating distance he still had to cover. "Mussolini," he said, "picked up my book of sketches, flipped through them upside down, and muttered something to an advisor. He had thought I was an architect," Craig said, slamming his fist against the table. "No theatre."

Midnight came, it passed, and Craig was still with us. It had grown chilly, the last bus had gone. We began to whisper among ourselves. Shouldn't he be in bed? Two o'clock. The café closed and still Craig's large laughter filled the square. Whenever our attention faltered—the truth was, *we* were getting tired—Craig banged the master's cane against the table to emphasize a point. At last a Hillman Minx pulled up across the square and Craig leaped to his feet. "Ah. My mistress!" He gathered his things together and hurried off. Before climbing into the car, however, he assured us, "Be back tomorrow morning."

He came on the first bus and sent a boy round to knock on our doors and wake us. Bleary-eyed, we gathered again.

Craig took us up, I think, because he was generally in the company of fading retired people. A condition he did not enjoy. He was, at the time, being shunted from one pension to another. Craig was a foul-tempered, demanding guest, a blight innkeepers shared, like the mistral.

Craig had brought an enormous collection of recent photographs of himself. "I want you to sift through them carefully, very carefully," he said, "and select the best." As he felt we ought to discuss the charms of each study it proved a lengthy chore. Afterwards, however, he signed photographs—"Affectionately, E.G.C."—for each of us.

Craig never came to Tourrettes empty-handed; he always had something to show us. Once he appeared with a folio of precious cartoons and other items by Beerbohm. There was a drawing of the young handsome Craig leaping over a banquet table and—a jarringly childish prank, this—a double-page spread of photographs of company directors clipped from the *Illustrated London News* and altered by Beerbohm. The eyes of some had been crossed, a moustache or side-whiskers had been added to others, but all had been made to appear uniformly ridiculous. Beerbohm had also added one puncturing sentence to the potted biography of each director that appeared under the photographs. Beerbohm was, at the time, still resident in Ra-

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Prince Youssoupoff

(Continued from page 131)

what would this proposition be, Mademoiselle? An attractive one, I hope?"

"I think so. Do you know what we are going to do?"

"No. I am waiting for you to tell me."

"Well, we are not going to talk about Rasputin."

This gambit makes him laugh aloud. Suddenly, he is twenty, thirty years younger, and now I can visualize the young Youssoupoff of long ago, the man whose beauty and charm and marvellous voice acted like magic on everyone who met him. "Men, women—no one could resist me. . . . Also, you see, I used to play the guitar and I could sing like a gypsy. That's why Rasputin was willing to come to my house," he adds. "Because he loved to hear me sing. I attracted him. That surprises you?"

It surprises him that I am not surprised.

"Let's not talk any more about it," he says. "Let's talk about my house. Do you like it?"

How could I not like it? It is a delicious house. After the unevenly paved court, you enter directly into a tiny vestibule. Here you meet "Beware-of-Dog," who is in fact a minute pug. There are only two rooms on the ground floor, a dining room and a sitting room, and two rooms on the second floor, the bedroom with a huge white-canopied bed and the small boudoir Felix Youssoupoff's wife, Princess Irina, occupies when she is in Paris.

"Where is she today?"

"In the country. I'm joining her there tomorrow. We are very rarely apart."

I notice a silver-framed photograph on a table—a lovely face, so grave in expression that it seems scarcely mortal. . . .

"Isn't she beautiful?" the Prince says, handing me the photograph. "We live as happily together as we did the first day, and we've been married for fifty years. That is love, true love—something I've felt for no one but her. . . . You doubt that?"

"No, but—you don't have the reputation of a saint."

"Ah! You're ready to believe everything people say about me? Well, now we must set you straight. Trials and troubles I have had in my lifetime, naturally. But despite all I've gone through, I've managed to live a gay, joyous life. What's wrong with that? But never, never in my life have I been in love. Love affairs, yes, but that is something else again. And I admit I have always relished the company of men. But I do not know what it is to be in love. Love in the real sense I've known only for my wife, only for her. When she dies, I will die. . . ."

The room in which we are talking might well be a hundred miles from Paris.

"When I bought this house," he goes on, "it was a stable. The rain rained right in. The first night we spent here, we'd no sooner gone to bed than we had to open up an umbrella. The roof, you understand. . . ."

I understand. . . . And looking around me, I understand also that one would have to have lived, like Felix Youssoupoff, in vast and sumptuous surroundings to have developed such a sense of grandeur. One would have to have known, as he did, so many many different residences in Moscow and St. Petersburg and the Crimea and elsewhere. To have run as a child in the countless drawing rooms of the family palace in Arkhangelskoye, to have sat down to supper every evening in a different dining room (for no one knew in advance where the palace major-domo had ordered the table laid), and for long hours to have contemplated gardens without end, to be able, as he has been able, to give dimension to something that does not have it. One must have been very rich—"as rich as the Czar," he says—and then have lost everything to be so perfectly, so royally at ease in a setting anyone else would consider cramped.

"What do I like?" he says. "I like to make something out of nothing."

There is a Youssoupoff style, a personal way he has of decorating a house. It is compounded of the memories and reminiscenses that are now the most evident portion of his fortune.

How is it that the little room where we are standing seems grand? Where are we? In an English cottage? In a *dacha* on the outskirts of Moscow? Is this the guesthouse of some château in the Loire Valley, or a hunting lodge on the edge of some Vienna Woods?

Prince Youssoupoff's house stands at the end of a blind alley in Auteuil, one of those little houses you scarcely realize exist in Paris. The cul-de-sac, first of all. It is so narrow that cars do not venture into it. Trees, shade, a rural quiet—it is country here.

The walls of the sitting room are hung with great gilded frames—family portraits—and tables are crowded with photographs that look like paintings. This sad-eyed officer? Czar Nicholas in uniform. This lady wearing a tiara? The Dowager Empress . . . and these young girls with waist-length hair? The Grand Duchesses.

Suddenly a bell rings. The telephone. A startling anachronism, and we both jump. . . . My companion does not wish to be disturbed. Because he and I are very busy. We are embarked on a tour of ancestors.

We are in Arabia. Imagine that we are in the sixth century, and that I am meeting the family's founder, an emir and khan, Aboubekir ben Raïoc, Prince of Princes, Sultan of Sultans, and a nephew of Mohammed to boot. A fresh ring, this time from the outer gate, cuts my wonderment short.

"I'm afraid this is one of my patients," the Prince says.

Patient? Why, yes . . . Felix Youssoupoff has healing powers, as he confesses to me now with no false embarrassment. It seems quite natural to him that he should inspire confidence in neurotic, deeply troubled, and anxiety-ridden people. He is good for them; he restores their zest for life simply by being the kind of person he is.

"No one has ever seen me sad. In the worst periods of exile, I've always been lighthearted and confident."

"How can you have been?"

"I have faith. I always have had."

And his resistance, his indefatigability? Does he owe this to his Tatar blood?—This is no

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Gordon Craig

(Continued from page 155)

pallo. The B.B.C. had invited several old friends to broadcast tributes to him on his eightieth birthday. The gist of Craig's memoir was, "Max is eighty, *I'm going on eighty-one*, and nobody has paid tribute to me. . . ."

Another day Craig brought me copies of several of his books. There were pencilled comments in all of them. To begin with, in the book about Henry Irving, there was a list of titles of Craig's previous books. Beside each title he had calculated in pencil how much each book had earned for him. All the sums were added up at the bottom and divided by the actual number of books to give him the average earnings of each one. Below, there was a notation in pencil saying, "What shoddy paper this book has been printed on. Will it have turned to dust in fifty years? E.G.C., Florence, 192—" All Craig's notes were initialed, dated, and precisely placed (on the road to Florence, Vence, et cetera). As soon as page eleven in a book ostensibly about Irving, Craig gives us a description of himself crossing the Atlantic with Ellen Terry. "If anybody is curious to see what I looked like at that time," he writes, "they will find me in a group photographed on board the 'Arizona,' in which we came back from America in 1885." A pencilled footnote below further informs us, giving the date, that the photograph appeared in the New York *Herald-Tribune*. I should add that Craig was, at the time, all of thirteen years old. Elsewhere, various footnotes were pencilled in *Henry Irving* over a span of thirty years. When he produced his first play in London, Craig recounts in the book, somebody with an outlandish feminine name wrote to say how inordinately bad the production was. "Could this letter," a pencilled note reads, "have been from G.B.S. in disguise?" Another note, written years later, reads, "It must have been." In another passage Craig suggests in a printed footnote that if anyone wanted to know what he and his friends were up to in the theatre they might read books by

Allardyce Nicoll and Glenn Hughes. A footnote reflects on how much in royalties this recommendation must have earned the two men and yet they never wrote to thank Craig. A further note, written some years later, observes that you'd think they would have written by this time. The final note, written in Vence, says, "They still haven't written."

When I turned to another page of the book, a typewritten letter fell out. It was written in English, to Craig, from Sergei Eisenstein. Eisenstein wrote to say how much he had enjoyed their last meeting in Paris and how he was looking forward to seeing Craig again in Moscow.

Craig told me, "Oh yes, Eisenstein. He studied my book on Irving like a Bible. He had made elaborate notes and he questioned me all night about Irving's technique."

Craig never threw anything out. He still retained all the sketches he had ever made when he had used to go to the music halls in London as a youth. His friend, Colonel Hiller, told me that several years earlier the Victoria and Albert Museum in London had made Craig a considerable offer for all his letters, manuscripts, woodcuts, and memorabilia, but he had turned them down. Later he was to sell everything to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

He was, I remember, often disturbed by newspaper accounts that referred to him as the late Edward Gordon Craig. One day he came to Tourrettes, infuriated. A press agent's story in the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune* had described an encounter between Orson Welles and Craig in the American Express. Welles, according to the story, bowed deeply and said, "Master. My Master."

"Very flattering, I suppose," Craig said, "but I never met Welles."

I left Tourrettes a week later and my last glimpse of Craig, from the bus, was on the square in Vence. He was playing patience. He looked bored and eager for an interruption.

* * *

When I returned to Tourrettes four years later, in 1956, the first person I saw there was Craig. He sat at the café on the square, seemingly unchanged, talking to Colonel Hiller. I did not expect him to recognize me and he didn't. I had to introduce myself again. "I've brought you regards," I said.

"Who?" he said, cupping an ear.

"I've been asked to bring you regards from a friend of yours."

"A gift! You've brought me a gift!"

"Regards," I said, flushing.

"REGARDS," Colonel Hiller shouted. "NOT A GIFT."

"Oh," Craig said, his head dropping, dejected.

Since I had last seen him, Craig had enjoyed a revival of sorts. Many of his early books had been re-issued and he was much better off, financially, than he had been in 1952. He had also moved from Vence to an inn on the edge of the Tourrettes ravine. The inn was run by a retired French army officer, an opium-eater, and his teen-age Arab boy friend. Craig adored sitting on the terrace, talking about art and artists, his white hair flowing in the wind and his chin resting on H.I.'s cane.

One of Edward Gordon Craig's dearest ambitions had still not been realized—he hadn't been knighted.

In the final chapter of *Henry Irving*, after Craig has, so to speak, finished the book, the master's spirit appears in his study.

"You must not think I exaggerate," Craig wrote. "I was alone; the wind, 'tis true, was howling down the valley outside my house—how it howwwled—yet all was cosy and well-lit in my room—nothing dusky, nothing weird: yet there—there stood Irving."

After man and ghost had discoursed for a while, Irving observed, "'Er—yes: by the bye, I see you have been knighted, my boy—very good—very good—.'"

Craig protested vehemently that he had not been knighted.

"'Not knighted—but it's in the papers!'

"'No, Henry . . . that was somebody else . . . an Ernest Gordon Craig.'

"'Ah! Ernest—Ernest,' repeated Irving—'Wilde pointed to the er-r—importance of that. . . .'"

Craig was included in the Queen's Honours List in 1956 and his Companion of Honour (C.H.) was presented to him by the British consul in Nice. At the small party for Craig, I'm told the consul began to recite a verse by Browning.

"Byron?" Craig interrupted. "Is that Byron?"

"BROWNING!"

"I don't care for Browning."

One day during that last summer in Tourrettes an eager young off-Broadway producer in Bermuda shorts turned up on the square. "You mean to say Craig is still alive?" he said.

"There he is now."

The producer took Craig to dinner, and he suggested, his manner breathless, that the old man might do a few sketches for his next production. Craig refused. But the last time I saw Craig the flabby young man was at his elbow. "Why don't we drive down to see Picasso?"

"Not today," Craig said, wearily.



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Prince Youssoupoff

(Continued from page 156)

conversation we are having, he and I, it is an unbridled gallop. The bell rings once more. It does not move my host one whit; today he is at home to no one. He is introducing his ancestors to me.

As we advance across steppes and centuries, I notice that he sits without touching the back of his seat. I have seen only a few kings, and perhaps a pope or two, who have known how to hold such a posture while working. Prince Youssoupoff sits like this out of habit and preference. And he invests this magisterial uprightness with something equestrian, all-conquering.

With the help of many cups of tea we have covered nine centuries. Farewell, Arabia! . . . We have emigrated beyond your borders, corralling in our wake the most powerful nomad tribe of Tatary. Behold the banks of the Volga, behold Kazan, our capital city, and that venerable ancestor, Khan Youssouf, beating on his tambour as he leads his horde of warriors.

"Yes, our name was Youssouf as late as the sixteenth century. . . . Will you have another cup of tea?"

I do wish he would tell me a little more about that Youssouf whom Ivan the Terrible treated as his peer. . . . But my host's mind has leapt on to something else—Soumbecca. "Soumbecca . . . She was the only daughter of Khan Youssouf. . . . A creature of legendary beauty. The Bolshoi in Moscow still performs a ballet inspired by her story. . . . One sugar or two?"

Ah, what good tea they serve in Tatary! We whip up our horses and gallop off to meet the beautiful Soumbecca. Queen of Kazan at fourteen—not bad for her age. But alas, then she sets to marrying, one after another, the succeeding murderers of her husbands. The Czar takes it very much amiss. Ai! (Remember he is the Terrible Ivan.) I hold my breath. If this Ivan were to stride fully armed into the room, I would not be too surprised. And the door does swing open—but only to admit a protégé of the Prince, an aspiring young actor. He was passing by. . . .

It is like that in the Youssoupoff household—an old tradition of open house, a welcoming table, freedom to come and go. In Arkhangelskoye days, one never knew exactly how many people would have to be fed. Neighbours, you see. . . . Friends passing through. . . . An occasional needy guest might even pocket a few service pieces. . . .

"Well, my dear fellow, have some tea."

Prince Felix says "my dear fellow" the way people in Tolstoy novels do. The show goes on now for the unexpected guest. The siege of Kazan. . . . Soumbecca holds out against the Czar for one whole week, surrenders, and dies a prisoner. But not before her beauty has overwhelmed the Court, Moscow, and the Czar himself. After all, a man can be Terrible and still have a weakness for the ladies.

This is a moving tale, but time is passing. . . .

"Another cup of tea?"

I have to leave but that, I am told, is inconceivable. I can understand nothing about Prince Felix if I know nothing of the young Youssouf who, in the seventeenth century, became the first of his name, and who, good Moslem that he was, turned Orthodox. An incorrigible practical joker, it seems. Scarcely had this Youssouf become, by his Czar's good pleasure, Prince Dimitri Youssoupoff than he was disgraced for offering to a high-ranking dignitary of the Orthodox Church, one fast day, a goose dissembled as a fish. There you are—a long line of Youssoupoffs owe their taste for jokes to this Dimitri. It comes as no surprise that my host, in the days of his full glory—around 1914—had the lunatic notion of hoisting a white bear aboard an official train. "As a joke," he explains.

I stand up. But it seems that before I go I absolutely must know what stuff the man was made of who built the fabulous estate in Arkhangelskoye, and created a marvel comparable to Versailles. . . . The Prince Nicholas who was an officer at sixteen, who wore epaulets of diamonds and pearls, and who also slept a little bit with Catherine the Great. I sit down again. Exit the joker, enter the lover. . . . One doesn't mince matters when one is a Youssoupoff and in love. In the bedroom of this Nicholas once hung a painting in which he was represented, quite naked, as Apollo, while next to him, his Most Revered Sovereign reclined as Venus. . . . I would like to know what happened to this painting. Burned, it appears.

"By whom?" I ask.

"Orders of Catherine's son." As an afterthought, Prince Youssoupoff adds, "One can appreciate the boy's point."

Now, it seems, if I really must go, there is no further objection. . . . Of course, there are a number of grandmothers, who might be worthy of my attention. The one, for example, who wore a russet-red wig and munched on mouldy chocolates all day long, and who carried on a correspondence with Nicholas I that—well, that left no doubt about the nature of their connection.

"Where are the letters?"

"Burned."

Obviously, this concern for sparing reputations would make it hard to maintain family records.

It is definite this time: I am going. Nothing can keep me any longer. Ha! What an illusion. . . . Suddenly my host dips into his memory and a lunar Pinocchio rises before my eyes, a Peter Pan of the steppes—the impossible, the intolerable imp who was Felix Youssoupoff.

But the tea is cold. . . . The Prince rushes off and returns with boiling water and clean cups to hold us all night long.

"All night long?"

"Yes, yes! As if night were made for sleeping. Foolishness!"

All for us, then, a long, a timeless, a sleepless night! Arkhangelskoye, all ours! I go to an unbelievable number of balls, parties, banquets, receptions, at which I am present like Felix—in pyjamas, peering through the balustrade. Grand dukes and kings and queens come to call at our house and kiss the little boy who is me. Then there are the officers—a crazy lot they are—who pay court to my mother. One of them rides his horse right into the salon, throws a bouquet of roses at her feet, and is tossed out the door by the Prince, my father, who is pretty annoyed.

No one would believe what poor health I suffer from. I catch every known illness, I walk in my sleep, I am unbearable. My German nurses leave to end their days in the madhouse. My tutors, whether Russian, English, French, Swiss, or German, all give up in turn. One day, in the course of an argument with Madame, who teaches me music, I bite her finger and she can not play the piano for a year. Poor creature! . . . And another time I almost put out the Grand Duke Michael's eye while he watches me play tennis with my brother. I launch my balloon in the face of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, mother of the Queen of Greece, as the august old lady is passing by in a wheelchair.

"Did you mean to hurt people?"

"No, I was just clumsy."

The night slips by. . . . Ours are the holidays, ours the big family railroad car that carries us from one château to another; it has a vestibule, an aviary compartment, private sitting rooms, guest bedrooms! Ours is the past, the brilliant past of the old St. Petersburg palace; the Arab, Tatar, Negro, Kalmuck valets; the elderly major-domo, slightly touched, whose chest is covered with decorations and who has the honour of pouring the Emperor's wine.

It was a time when one possessed so many and such large estates that no one in the family was quite sure where they all were . . . when nothing was done by halves: you died in a duel; you lost your appendix without anaesthesia to prove your courage; you made the rounds of nightclubs masquerading as a girl; you travelled to London to attend a single ball.

No one, you see, will ever be able to say how extravagant a youth it was, or how difficult it is in 1965 to be the man of that past, the man who receives me, the last of the Youssoupoffs, who says to me with such gallantry:

"Life is a gift. . . . I have no regrets."

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

Sartre speaks

(Continued from page 95)

Q. Do you want him then to place his pen at the service of the oppressed?

SARTRE: Yes, but this is the writer's task, and, if he fulfills it as he should, he acquires no merit from it. Heroism is not to be won at the point of a pen.

What I ask of him is not to ignore the reality and the fundamental problems that exist. The world's hunger, the atomic threat, the alienation of man—I am astonished that they do not colour all our literature.

Do you think I can read Robbe-Grillet in an underdeveloped country? He does not feel himself maimed. I think him a good writer, but he speaks to the comfortable bourgeoisie. I should wish him to realize that Guinea exists. In Guinea I could read Kafka. I rediscover in him my own discomfort.

You see, the contemporary writer must write through his intimations of unease, while trying to elucidate them. He could be a kind of Beckett who would not be felt to be totally committed to despair. The form matters little to me, classical or not. All are satisfactory. The only criterion of a work is its validity: that it should grip and that it should last.

Q. Are you going to continue your autobiography?

SARTRE: Certainly, but not immediately. Now I am finishing a biography of Flaubert.

Q. Why Flaubert?

SARTRE: Because he is the opposite of what I am. One needs to rub up against argument. I wrote in *The Words* that "I have often thought against myself." That sentence has not been understood either. Critics have seen in it a confession of masochism. But that is how one should think: revolting against everything "inculcated" that one may have within oneself.

Q. Then: malaise, trial, revolt, authenticity, liberation . . . you have not changed so much.

SARTRE: I have changed as everyone changes: within a permanency.

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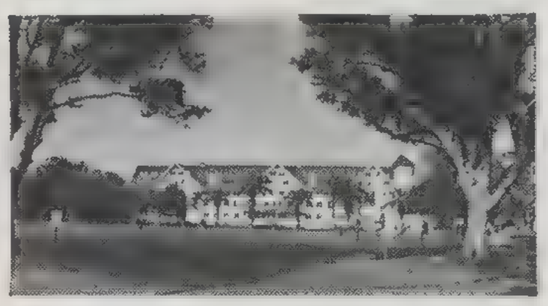
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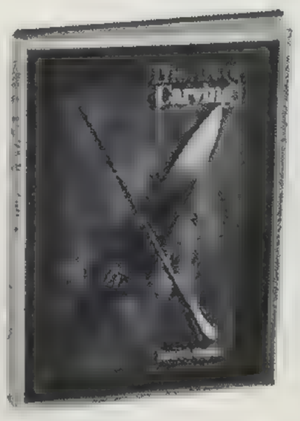
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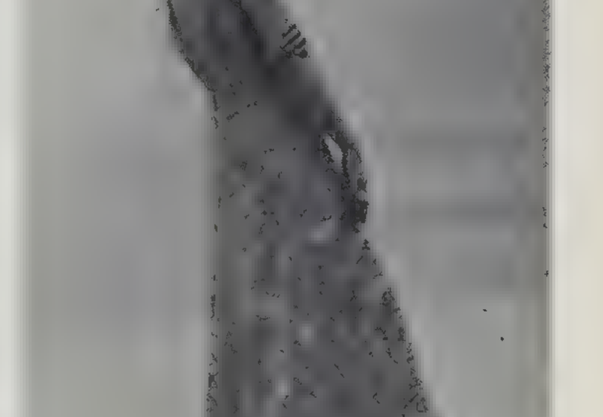
Shift to ruffles

Pretty knee-baring shift with a deep plunge of ruffles around the neck, narrow wrist-buttoned sleeves—of white polished cotton silk-screened in a clean, strong pink. Lined in cotton. Also blue and white. 8-18; $35. By Polly Hornburg for Nalii Fashions, Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.



News prints

A Portfolio of Ten Works by Ten Painters—Davis, Indiana, Kelly, Ortman, Lichtenstein, Motherwell, Reinhardt, Poons, Stella, Warhol—in a limited edition of 500 numbered copies. Original screen prints, 20″ x 24″, boxed. $125. Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn.



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Meanwhile, back at home

An ankle-length dress of wool challis in a riot of pink, orange, and magenta flowers, with a high halter neck open wide to the waist in back. Lined in pink China silk. XS, S, M; $95 ppd. Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St., N. Y. 22.



HOUND

A round-up of ideas to open the new year—fashion long and short, prints, pillow talk, and a blanket for a baby



The shirt-culotte

For city or country or dashing in between—a one-piece shirt-tailored culotte dress from Paris. Of ivory wool jersey, fastened with snaps, belted in brown leather. Also any colour. 8-16; $215. Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



Beads above the knee

Going south now, north later—a short shift swinging a hand-worked hem of wooden beads, in brown-and-beige Indonesian cotton batik. Lined in cotton. Also maize-and-black. 6-14; $155. By Ann Pakradooni for Joie de Vivre Boutique, 20 Hampstead Circle, Wynnewood, Pa.



Puff of Wonderland

A baby's comforter of white polished cotton brightly printed with Alice and the Wonderland cast. 33″ x 44″; $11.95. From Bournefield, 714 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

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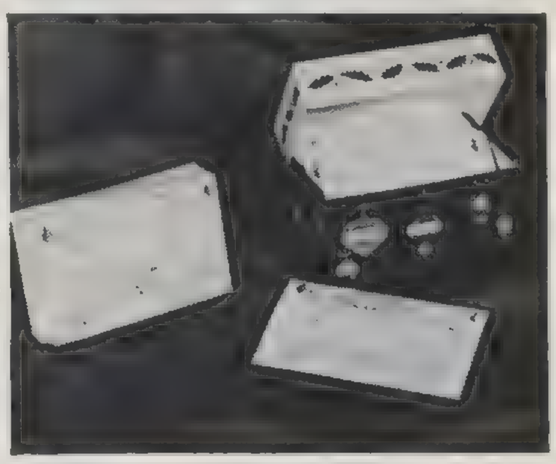
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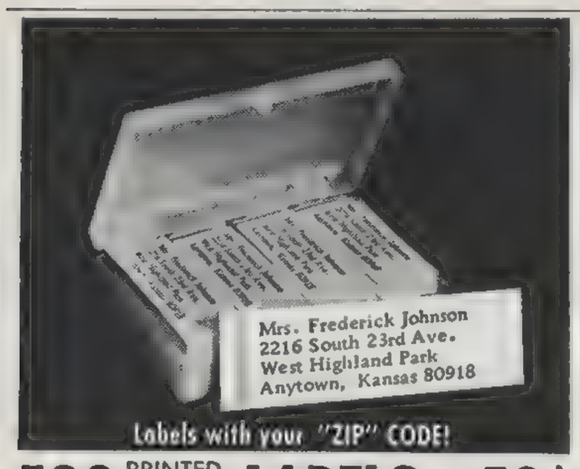
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Jeanne Toussaint

(Continued from page 126)

approach. The best restaurateurs and headwaiters respect her as she orders their rarest wines, and at home the plates off which she serves the exquisite dishes are all chosen with the enjoyment of a maestro. Nothing about her, except her appearance, is small or ephemeral. (Her voice is deep like the crackling of coke, and her laugh is cavernous.) She handles roughly, with immaculate fingers (innocent of the attentions of a manicurist), the fine jewelled strands and works of art like a gardener with green thumbs.

Ideally, she says, she would like to see stones being worn unmounted, but since this is an impossibility, she makes her settings as inconspicuous as possible. Because she herself is no draughtsman, it is under her intimate, personal guidance that her artisans work.

Occasionally, today, she becomes despondent. There remain few clients who have the understanding—or the means—with which to appreciate the works of art she is capable of creating. It is against her principles to design for the crowds. Jeanne Toussaint so strongly maintains jewellery should always be personal that she refuses to duplicate jewels which have been specially created for one individual. Her own jewellery is remarkable, and she admits that she is able to wear a greater array of pearl necklaces and bracelets than she would care to see on other women.

Likewise, in her own clothing she has the boldness and simplicity to wear only navy blue by day. At night she may appear in a Chinese man's suit, or the pyjamas and tea gown that she inspired the genius, Louiseboulanger, to make for her thirty years ago. The result is that even those who, through over-familiarity with the world of style, could become most blasé with the idiosyncracies of fashionable women, find their interest kindled anew by Jeanne Toussaint arriving for dinner, her hair, like a schoolboy's fresh from the swimming pool, wet from being immersed in the bath and scragged back in a shingle, wearing high Russian boots, her narrow shoulders weighed heavy with Indian pearls. With her rose-scented aura, her engaging mouth, and glistening dew-drop teeth, she is an emanation of her own tastes, and exudes the perfection of a nectarine warmed by the sun.

It was through the late Christian Bérard that I first met, soon after the Liberation of France, this warm-hearted, chuckling little lady who arrived for our rendezvous in a storm on a bicycle, her beak-like nose dripping with raindrops and her many long ropes of pearls festooning the handle-bars. It is through her close friendship with Balenciaga, of whom no more devoted admirer exists, that we keep in touch with one another today, and another mutual friend is that most fastidious of all art connoisseurs, Sir Robert Abdy. In recent years, Jeanne Toussaint married one of the most illustrious names of Paris, the Baron Hèly d'Oissel, member of the Jockey Club, and *grand seigneur*. But the Baroness is now a widow. Her work at Cartier prevents her from spending but a few weeks each year in her villa at Biarritz, so that, most of the time, she is to be found in her Avenue d'Iéna apartment where, in her quiet way, she continues to invest the arts of living with all the allure and attractiveness that only she is capable of.

Jeanne Toussaint is fully conscious of the value of leisure, of being unhurried, of never appearing restless or *distraite*. Her instincts dictate to her that there is no quality more mysterious than an immaculate pristine quality. This she pervades in personality and appearance. With her courageous chuckles, and child's untired delight in life and beauty around her, she takes nothing for granted, and is today at the peak point of her highly-keyed appreciation and mellow knowledge.

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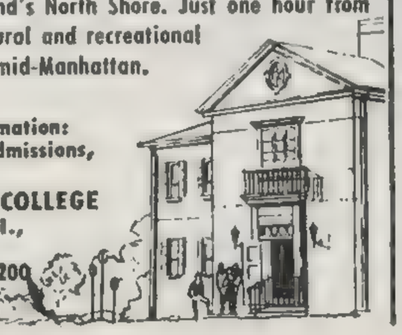
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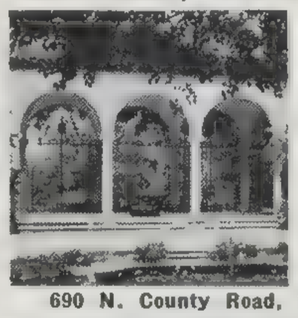
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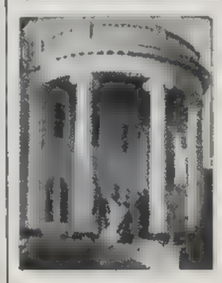
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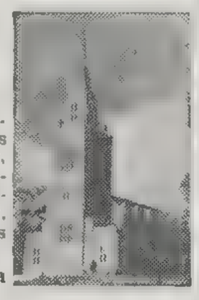
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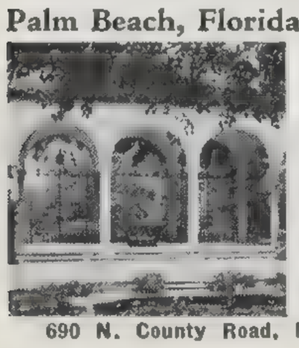
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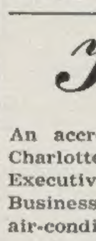
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AND AT OTHER FINE STORES

E. M. Forster

(Continued from page 124)

always seemed to me little more than a flourish of question-begging bravado. Like the demand, "Would you like your daughter to marry a Negro?"—it all depends. Which Negro? More important, which daughter? Which country? Which friend?

He is enrolled among the Romantic optimists for his faith in Art for Art's Sake: "It is the only material object in the universe which may possess internal harmony. All the others have been pressed into shape from outside, when their mould is removed they collapse. The work of art stands up by itself, and nothing else does." And among the sceptical pessimists for disbelief in Science for Science's Sake: "The future of our race is more unpleasant than we care to admit, and it has sometimes occurred to me that its best chance lies through apathy, uninventiveness, and inertia." (Both quotations from a lecture in New York in 1949.)

But it is in his five novels that the flawed heart of the divided man can be glimpsed below the surface. Forster is the laureate of the civilized virtues—of humanity, decency, sensitivity, generosity, tolerance. But as he displays them, he also criticizes them. He offers them as hypotheses, not as dogmas. By testing them in action, he reveals their limitations, their need to be complemented by energy, vulgarity, sensuality, disorder, masculinity. The poetic English must be mated with the peasant Italians. The cultured middle-class Schlegels must move into Howard's End with the rich businesslike Wilcoxes. The intentions are admirable, the execution often brilliant, the subtleties rich and strange, the incidental comedy ironic and hilarious. Yet somehow I can not help feeling that too often in the end Forster betrays the cause by secret negotiations with the enemy.

Throughout Forster, two streams run side by side and rarely merge—muddy melodrama and crystal-clear comedy, irrelevant violence and muted sexuality, sharp-eyed naturalistic observation with sociological and psychological improbabilities, limpid flowing prose with vague viscid poeticisms, simple explicit dialogue with muddled obscure monologues.

How many readers ever made sense of Mrs. Moore's maunderings in *A Passage to India*? (When Santha Rama Rau, the adaptor of the book to the stage, asked how she could make clear to the audience what was being said, he replied, again mysteriously and Forsterianly, "Mrs. Moore was always a very tiresome woman.") Who ever believed in the ambitious upstart, Leonard Bast, his stupid fat whore of a wife, and his bedding of Helen Schlegel? Sexual passion is prime mover of most of the action in E. M. Forster's novels; yet Helen's consummation is the only lovemaking where the author does not stand between us and the bedroom.

In *The Longest Journey* (the most autobiographical novel and, according to Forster, the one he is "most glad to have written") I can not help feeling that timid, short-story-writing Rickie married Agnes, not because she aroused him, but because he was aroused by the sight of handsome caddish Gerald kissing her. The belittling references to sexual pleasure are too frequent to be explained away as expressions only of the characters' opinions. Mrs. Moore refers to "carnal embracement," Adela Quested to "animal contact at dusk." Mr. Wilcox "had always the sneaking belief that bodily passion is bad." Fielding thinks "marriage is too absurd in any case."

"We are meaningless fragments, half monks, half beasts," Forster wrote in *Howard's End*, "unconnected arches that have never joined into a man. . . . Only connect, and the beast and the monk, robbed of the isolation that is life to either, will die." The novels of E. M. Forster, though chilled for me by what Dr. F. R. Leavis has called "a spinsterly poise," are rare in modern literature in that they can be read and re-read throughout a lifetime. But what kind of man replaces the beast and the monk I still do not know. Perhaps, some day, *The Arctic Summer* may give us a further clue?

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